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BEN HAMED:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF FATE.

A STORY OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIX.

A NEW OFFER OF LOVE.

At length Morgiana raised her head, and while a look of intense anxiety worked over her features, she said:

"Surely, Gulnare, this work grows deeper and darker. Do you realize that a powerful emir has been all the way to Bagdad in disguise solely for the purpose of capturing me? By my soul, I do not comprehend it."

"Do you think he had heard of your surpassing beauty!" suggested Gulnare.

"If he did, that was not the cause of his coming for me," returned Morgiana, confidently. "Ah, there is something deeper, and would to God I knew what it was. But I do not. I have heard of this Emir Bahader, and also of the King Becar. The king is a cruel man, and a tyrant, and I know that the caliph fears to provoke him, for you know it hath been prophesied that when the throne of Bagdad is shaken down it shall be by the powers of the north."

"Ay, my mistress, I have heard of this, and I think may believe it."

"Surely, Gulnare, all reasoning men must believe it, for only think of the wealth which our caliphs are heaping up; and in time to come this vast wealth shall excite the cupidity of the northern hordes, and they will sweep down after it. But this generation will not see the revolution, and perhaps many generations may pass ere it comes."

After this there was a silence of some moments, and then the conversation turned upon the subject of the strange circumstance of their captivity. Gulnare could not be urged from the opinion that her mistress had been brought away solely for her beauty, while Morgiana was persuaded that some other cause lay at the bottom of it. They were at length interrupted by the entrance of Noam with their breakfast, and their conversation ceased just as Morgiana had shown to her companion that Assad had also been sent for, and that both he and herself had rested under the shadow of the same fate ere he was cast into the fatal prison at Bagdad. This staggered Gulnare some in her opinion, but she did not yet give wholly up.

Several days passed away, and during that time the prisoners were regularly waited upon by the old woman, but they could gain no information from her further than that which they had obtained in their first and second interviews with her.

One forenoon, after the old woman had carried away the breakfast things, the girls were not a little startled at beholding the emir enter their apartment. It was the man whom they had known as Califa, and whom they had supposed to be a merchant. But he no longer wore the garb of trade. His raiment was of the most costly kind, flashing with gold and precious stones, and upon his head he wore the emir's turban. He saluted the girls very politely, and then took his seat upon a cushion near Morgiana. She would have shrank from him, but there was something in his eye that withheld her, for as she caught its fierce, keen glance, she knew 'twould not benefit her to anger him.

"Lady," he said, in a very soft, winning tone, "since first I saw thee I have been captivated by thy beauty, but I would not tell thee of it until thou hadst had time for repose. Now, however, I must speak, for I can withstand the power of my love no longer. I have determined that thou shalt be my wife. Does it not please thee?"

Poor Morgiana knew not what to say. She had feared this since the old woman had spoken of his love, but she had hoped that he would not approach her on that subject. She bowed her head and trembled fearfully.

"Have you no answer?" Bahader asked, somewhat sternly, but yet with an apparent effort at kindness of tone.

"Alas, my master," Morgiana at length returned, gazing up with tears in her eyes, "my heart is all broken and bleeding, and I cannot love again. He to whom my whole of earthly love was given is no longer on earth, and I can never love another. Have mercy on me, and turn thine eyes to some other maiden of thine own people."

"By Allah, lady, my eyes shall be turned upon none but thee, for thou hast engaged the whole of my heart, and I must possess thee. Yet I would have thee love me, for then I should find more joy in thy society. And, moreover," he continued, in a tone, and with a look, which were not to be mistaken for anything but the threat of a vengeful heart, "thine own peace of mind would be greatly enhanced by a compliance with my wishes."

"Ah, my master," the maiden returned, speaking upon the impulse, and not waiting to consider, "you would not *ask* me, I fear, if you knew I should refuse. You have come to *command* me."

"By the prophet, lady, you've spoken the truth, and I shall not gainsay it. Since first I brought theo into my palace I determined that thou shouldst be my wife, and men who know the Emir Bahader, know that he keeps his vows."

"Yet, O emir, I could pray of thee that thou wouldst spare me. Spare me from this, and God shall bless thee."

"By Allah, my beloved, God holds no blessing for me that can be compared to the possessing of thee. Thou shalt be my wife."

"Thou wilt grant me time," murmured Morgiana, little heeding what she said, but hoping to put the evil hour off.

"Until to-morrow, but no longer. I have already put it off many days simply for thine accommodation. To-morrow thou art mine."

Thus the emir spoke, and then arose and left the apartment, and when he was gone Morgiana bowed her head and wept. Gulnare crept to her side and wound her arms about her neck, and with tender words she sought to soothe the grief of the deeply stricken one.

"Alas!" the maiden sobbed, "what hope have I now? All, all is gone, and what else of life is left is but for misery and pain. What blow heavier than this could have come? He in whom my soul confided with its holiest love is gone from earth, and now I must become—"

She could not speak all she thought, and once more she wept without restraint. Gulnare arose to her feet, and after looking out at the window for some moments she went again and sat down by the side of her mistress.

"Listen," she said, eagerly and earnestly. "May we not make our escape from this place? From the further closet—that beyond the bath-room—there is a small door that opens to a flight of stairs which descend to some place underneath the palace. I have been part way down, and I could feel the fresh air come pouring in from some place farther on. May not this place lead to some way of egress? To night, after we are left alone, I will explore the place, and if we can make our escape, we will trust to the merciful God to provide for us beyond."

Anything like a thought of escape was a relief to Morgiana now, and she embraced her faithful and affectionate companion most fondly when she heard this.

"You would not fear to make the attempt?" Gulnare said.

"Fear!" repeated Morgiana, with startling energy. "Not even death itself, in its most terrible form, could move me with such dread, as does the thought of becoming the—the—slave to that man's base passions!"

"Then rest until the night comes, and we will see what can be done. O, I do not think the God of all mercy will forsake us!"

The day passed away, and when Noam came for the last time in the evening, she bade Morgiana remember that on the following day she must become the wife of the emir. But the maiden made no reply, and the old woman soon took her departure. As soon as the night was well advanced, Gulnare took a lamp and prepared for the mission. Morgiana would have accompanied her, but Gulnare knew that it would be safer for her to go alone at first, for in case of accident or detection she could more easily escape, and moreover, detection would not be so liable to occur.

Having prepared a small goblet with which to shade her lamp in case of danger, Gulnare started. She found the stairs as before, and having descended to the bottom of the flight she found herself in a sort of arched corridor, at one end of which was a window. At the end of this she found two doors, one upon either hand. Both of these were easily opened, and both led downward. Gulnare took the one at her left hand, and when she reached the bottom she found herself in a small closet. But there were two doors here, and the first which she opened led to a large apartment, while the other opened into a corridor, at the extremity of which she saw the starlit sky. She took this passage, and when she reached the end, she found herself in a garden, where were trees and flowers of all descriptions. With a hopeful emotion she set her lamp down, where its rays could not be seen from without, and hastened forth. For a long while she wandered around, but no means of egress could she find, meeting only solid, high walls on every hand. At length she came to an open spot in the centre of which was a fountain, and a little further on she was sure she saw a large arbor, with a light shining out from a window on the side next to her, and upon stopping and bending her ear she heard human voices. With slow and cautious steps she approached the place. She recognized the voice of the emir, and she heard the name of her mistress pronounced. She soon made out that the emir was conversing with one of his principal officers, and she crouched nearer the place to listen, for she could hear their words distinctly.

Very soon after this she clasped her hands upon her bosom, but she did not move from her position. Her head was bowed, and ever and anon a shudder would run through her frame. Thus she remained half an hour, and at the end of that time she heard a movement as though the men were about to come out, and she hastened away; but in her return she missed the path by which she had come, and it was some time before she could even obtain a position where she could see the palace walls. She was thus wandering on, when, upon turning an abrupt angle near the building, she found herself face to face with the emir and his companion! She stopped, and would have started back, had not Bahader caught her by the arm.

"Ha!" he cried, "what have we here? One of my birds, by Allah! What are you doing here?"

"Only trying to breathe a little fresh air, my master," returned Gulnare, summoning all her fortitude to her assistance. "I found the way open, and I came out."

"And where is your mistress?"

"In her apartment."

"Art sure of it?"

"I left her there."

The emir seemed much easier when he heard this, although he had at no time been much moved.

"Come with me," he said, "and I will wait upon you back. If you thought to make your escape," he resumed, after they had walked a short distance, "you must be much disappointed, for this garden is within the very palace itself, and you cannot pass from it except through some occupied and guarded place. But then I don't think you could wish to escape—I know you could not; for you are to find a very fine home here."

Gulnare shuddered, but she concealed the terror which lay at her heart. The emir entered by the same way where Gulnare had come out, and when he saw the lamp, which was still burning, he stooped and picked it up and handed it to the girl, for he knew it was hers. Now that there was a light Gulnare turned to look into the face of the emir's companion. He was a middle-aged man, with dark, forbidding features, and wearing the look of a cold, hard-hearted person. And again Gulnare shuddered.

At length they reached the bath-room, and here the emir bade his companion stop, and then followed the girl in. He found Morgiana there, but he only saluted her with a passing word, and then withdrew. He closed the door after him, and as soon as his footsteps had died away in the distance, Gulnare clasped her hands upon her bosom and sank down.

"God have mercy on us now!" she ejaculated, as she seemed to give up her last hope.

Morgiana hastened quickly to her side and knelt over her.

"What is it? O, Gulnare, what is it?"

But the girl did not answer, and soon Morgiana discovered that she had fainted. She called out several times in vain, and at length she hastened to the water jar, and when she had obtained it, she commenced to bathe the brow and temples of her prostrate companion. She dared not call for help yet.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PLACE OF SEPULCHRE, AND WHAT OCCURRED THERE.

Morgiana at length succeeded in bringing Gulnare back to consciousness, and as soon as she was able to sit up, she seemed to be as strong as ever. She gazed about for some moments, and when she found that she and her mistress were alone, she threw herself upon the latter's bosom and burst into tears. But these tears lasted only for a few moments, and when the weeping fit was passed the girl started up, and a death-like pallor had overspread her face.

"Where is he?" she asked, as soon as she seemed fairly to recognize her mistress.

"Who?" returned Morgiana, wonderingly.

"O, my mistress, you did not hear what they said!"

Morgiana gazed into the girl's face, and for a moment she feared her wits were turned. In the meantime, however, Gulnare had raised herself higher up, and after she had pondered a few moments, she said:

"I remember now. O, Morgiana, we are both lost, lost!"

"But what is it? What have you seen? What heard? Speak, Gulnare!"

The girl thought a moment, and then she said:

"When I left you here, I made my way to a beautiful garden, where the trees were very tall, and where the roses grew in profusion. After wandering around for awhile, I came to an arbor, or a garden-house, where I heard voices. One of them was that of the emir, and the other was a dark-faced, ugly-looking officer. I crept close up so that I could hear every word that was spoken. The speech was of us. The emir said he should marry you to-morrow—that he had meant to possess you from the moment he saw you—"

"Alas! thou toldst me, Gulnare, that it was for my beauty I was carried away."

"Stop, my mistress, until you hear all. He also said that he was ordered to put you out of the way, and that if you ever made your appearance again, his head would answer for it. He said he should take you and keep you for his wife awhile, and then kill you! And it was arranged that I should be given to the other, and that when you died I should die, too! I sat there and heard them talk it all over—and I heard them laugh at the power they held over us! O, Morgiana, I will not tell you all they said. 'Twould be too dreadful!"

"Are these things so?" whispered Morgiana, faintly and heavily.

"Yes, my mistress."

"And there are no means of escape from this place?"

"None. We are shut in as by a wall of adamant!"

"Tell me once more what the emir said."

Again Gulnare told her story, and this time she told more than she did before. Morgiana shuddered fearfully during the recital, and when it was all told she started up and commenced to pace the floor. At length she stopped, and though her face was very pale, yet there was upon it a look of iron determination.

"Gulnare," she said, "we have *one* way of escape from this cruel fate."

"Ha!" uttered the girl, starting up. "How mean you?"

Morgiana placed her hand in her bosom and took therefrom the little box which Elsena had procured for her on the evening before she fell into the emir's power.

"What else can we do but this?" she said, as she held the box up. "This simple powder will stop all our woes at once—free us from this terrible ruin—and carry us to join those who have gone before us in the upper world. It has no power of pain—no cruel twinges, but it sets the soul free without a pang. What say you?"

"'Tis our only hope," answered Gulnare, as calmly as the coming of a sleeper's breath. "Beside this there is such ruin as will break the heart in its fall, and even then a cruel death must follow. We will lay us down and sleep—sleep here in our room—and they shall find us fled when they come to search for us."

"Surely," resumed Morgiana, "God cannot hold us guilty of sin in this."

"Never," answered Gulnare. "Rather must he bless us for our martyrdom."

As Gulnare thus spoke she went to the sideboard and took two cups, and into each she put a small quantity of water. Then she returned and handed them to her mistress, and as she did so, she said:

"Here are vessels, and O, fear not the result. Another day of life, and we are lost!"

Morgiana replied not, but she took the goblets and placed them upon the floor. Then she opened the box and smelled of the powder, and she dreamed not of the deception which Elsena had practised upon her. She poured out a quantity of the subtle agent into each goblet, and then she handed one to Gulnare, and kept one for herself.

"The deed is blessed—it must be," she said.

"A simple escape from demon power, that we may be with God," answered Gulnare.

"O, I bless thee for those words," cried Morgiana; and as she spoke, she raised the glass to her lips. Her hand trembled some, but her will was firm, and in a moment more she had drank the potion. Gulnare did not hesitate, for she instantly followed the example of her mistress, and then they threw the goblets away, and having locked themselves in each other's arms they awaited the coming of the grim monarch they had summoned.

"Farewell!" murmured Morgiana, as she felt the weakening influence coming upon her.

"Why say, *farewell*?" returned Gulnare, gently raising herself and kissing her companion upon the cheek. "*We are going together.*"

Morgiana looked up and smiled, and in a moment more her head sank back.

* * * * * *

Early in the morning Noam came and opened the door of the prisoners' apartment. She wondered that they were sleeping upon the floor, and she went to arouse them, but she found her work in vain, and in a few moments more she hastened away. Ere long afterwards both Bahader and his lieutenant came. They approached the sleepers and gazed upon them, and the emir pushed the body of Morgiana with his foot.

"Zaman," he said, turning to his companion, "what do you make of this?"

"They were too proud to be our slaves," returned the lieutenant.

"But how could they have known—or how could this younger one have known, what we meant?"

"She must have hearkened at the arbor last night. I was sure I heard a footfall while we were talking. And that explains why she was so pale."

"But how could they have done it?"

"Surely I know not."

"By Allah, I never—Ha! What's this?" As the emir thus spoke, he stooped and picked up the little box.

"Ah—here's the key to the mystery," he continued, as he read the label. "See—'*tis wakfah!* and they must have had it concealed about them. Ay, and more, too: This box must have come from the shop of a drug-seller, named Abdalla, who keeps near the syndic's dwelling, for I purchased some khang there, and he gave it to me in just such a box. By heaven, Zaman, we've lost our brides!"

"So we have. But no matter. We should have soon tired upon their beauty a few short days, and then put them away, for as soon as Becar's messenger comes the order for their death will come with him."

"Right, Zaman," said Bahader, as he removed the cover of the box and smelled of its contents—for some of the powder was left. "This is more spicy and pungent than our northern wakfah. Just try it."

"It smells powerful enough," returned the lieutenant, placing the box to his nose, and then returning it to his master who put it into his pocket.

"By my soul, Zaman, she was beautiful," the emir muttered, as he gazed on Morgiana's face.

"I never saw anything half so beautiful before," added Zaman. "I could have spared her from very love."

"Ay, but duty first. However, they are both beyond our power now, so let's away and send our slaves to take the bodies hence."

"And where will you have them taken?"

"To the vale beyond the outer mosque."

The men withdrew, and shortly afterwards the women were sent in to prepare the bodies. They were simply sewed in coarse sheets of linen stuff, for the word was to be given that two slaves had died. It was near the middle of the forenoon that four black slaves set out bearing the bodies upon their shoulders on two litters, and with them went four more slaves to carry spades, and also to assist in carrying the litters if need be. The emir would have gone himself, but he knew that would excite suspicion, and he therefore entrusted the work to trusty slaves.

The course which the party took was to the west of the palace, and thence along by a narrow road leading to the south of the town. A hill was passed over, and soon afterwards they entered a long vale, within which the trees grew tall and stout, and where the common slaves were buried in pits dug in the side of one of the high, steep banks. It was a secluded spot, and wild in its surrounding scenery, for high mountains towered up close at hand. At length the slaves reached a spot where they thought 'twould be well to bury their charge, and they stopped and set their burden down, after which they began to dig. They had been thus occupied some

few minutes when they were startled by the sudden appearance of a stranger from among a clump of cedar trees near at hand. He was dressed in the garb of a dervish, and well advanced in years.

"Fear not, my children," he said, as he approached and leaned on his staff. "Has the Emir Bahader returned yet from the south?"

"He has returned," answered one of them.

"And did he come alone?"

"His eunuch Ozmud came with him."

"And none others?"

"He can tell you better than we."

"He would not object that I should know, my children, so you need not fear to speak."

"We speak only what we know," answered the black, in a tone which plainly indicated that he wished to be questioned no more.

"You have come to bury some of your fellows?" the dervish said, when he found that he could gain nothing more from the slaves upon the subject he had broached.

"Yes, my master—two slaves have died."

The dervish was gazing upon the winding-sheet, and he was sure he saw one of them move. It might have been the wind, he thought; and yet there was no wind blowing. In a moment more it moved again, and this time he could see the movement of the limbs.

"By Allah!" he cried, "you would not bury people alive, would you?"

"They are not alive, master," returned the slave, confidently.

"Then let me see if I cannot bring one of them back to life," pursued the old man, feeling sure that there was life there.

As he spoke he advanced and tore open the top of the sheet, and the features of Morgiana were exposed to his gaze. An instant he stood transfixed. She opened her eyes, and the slaves held up their hands in astonishment. She gazed around, and a low moan escaped from her lips. The dervish seized a small case from his bosom and opened it, and within was the picture of the same face which we have so often seen before. A moment he gazed upon it, and then upon the face of the awakened girl, and then he started back and gave a sharp cry, like the hoot of an owl. In a few moments more the cedar copse was alive with armed men, and before the astounded slaves could fairly comprehend a single thing of all that was transpiring about them they were all seized and gagged and bound.

As soon as this was done the dervish turned towards Morgiana and tore the sheet from her body, and by the time this, was accomplished she was able to sit up and speak. But ere a question could be asked there was a movement noticed in the other shroud, and that, too, was torn away, and Gulnare was also soon conscious.

"Now by the King of kings!" cried the old man, as he comprehended all he saw, "what sort of man is he who would thus bury two damsels? Speak, slaves! or by the soul that is in me, I will smite you all! Who did this thing?"

"Bahader ordered it, my master," returned the only slave from whose mouth the gag had been taken; "I am sure he thought them dead."

"Ay—but the deed was of his accursed doing."

At this moment, Morgiana arose to a sitting posture. She now comprehended that she was alive, and a few moments' survey of the work about her told her that she had been brought out for sepulchre, and that from some cause the drug she had taken had only produced stupor, and that she was now recovered.

"Who are you, sir?" she asked of the old man, gazing up into his face, and clasping her hands.

"I am to thee a friend, lady, so fear me not, I and these noble men have come hither on purpose to find thee, for we felt assured you had been brought to Aden. But who is this with thee?"

"My faithful, noble friend—my own Gulnare," the maiden returned, warmly.

"Well, we will not stop here to converse, for the foul wretch who rules this place may be upon us, so come with us, and you shall soon be beyond his power. You need not fear to trust me, for I mean you only good."

"But where will you carry me?" asked Morgiana, quickly.

"We can tell that better when we find where we can carry thee, lady. But methinks any place would be preferable to this, so come, and I will answer questions on the road."

The maiden hesitated no longer, for there was something in the countenance of the dervish that inspired her with hope, and she gave him her hand. The slaves were all bound and gagged, so that they might raise no immediate alarm, and then the new-comers turned back towards the wood with the two damsels.

CHAPTER XXI.

ANOTHER FLIGHT.

MORGIANA spoke not a word on the way, though she was all wonder. She had held of the dervish's hand, and also held Gulnare by the hand. Yet with all her anxiety for the present, her mind instinctively went back to the scene in her prison chamber. She remembered all that had there occurred, and she knew that the people there had thought her dead, and sent her out for burial. Ere long the party reached an opening beyond the wood, and here the damsel saw four-and-twenty horses, and two black slaves.

"Now, lady," said the old man, as they reached a grassy knoll, "if you will sit here a moment, I will prepare for our departure from this place. You have nothing to fear, for we mean you well, and we have taken much pains, and passed through many dangers, for thy sake. We shall set off ere many moments."

As the dervish thus spoke he left the girls by themselves and went to where the horses stood. There were two of them loaded with provisions, and these two were led out and their load distributed among the others. In the meantime, Morgiana and Gulnare were conversing upon the subject of the strange course of events which had brought them into their present position.

"But how could we have taken such a quantity of wakfah and still live?" asked Gulnare.

"We have not taken wakfah!" returned Morgiana. "It tasted like wakfah when we took it, and it smelled like wakfah, but the moment I awoke I knew I had taken only bhang."

"Did you deceive me, then? Did you think—"

"Stop, Gulnare. I fully believed we were taking a fatal poison when we took that potion, but I know now I was deceived, and as I consider upon it, I can see plainly the whole mystery. Listen: On that fatal morning when I knew that Assad—God keep him now!—was to die, I resolved that I would not survive him, and I determined to send and get some sure poison. I knew that Elsena loved Hassan, and that she wished to be his wife; and I furthermore knew that she wished me out of the way. Hence I concluded I might safely entrust the errand to her, and I did so, bidding her to procure me four drachms of wakfah. She went away, and I saw her when she returned, but it was half an hour after her return before she came to me. The box was labelled to suit the drug I wished, but I know that Elsena's mother took the drug, and with her own hands prepared that which was brought to me."

"But," suggested Gulnare, "if they were anxious to be rid of you, why should they have thus practised an imposition which could only result in saving your life?"

"The reason is plain," returned Morgiana "They were surely to be paid roundly for delivering me into the hands of the emir, and feared that all would be lost if I poisoned myself. She probably fixed the bhang so that in case I should take any of it in the first part of the evening they would be saved the trouble of administering the opiate themselves. But I did not take it, and Elsena did the work with her own hands. Thus came we to take an opiate instead of the poison."

"God is great, and wonderful are his ways," uttered Gulnare, with folded hands. "By what a strange combination of events have we escaped the power of those evil men!"

Before Morgiana could reply the old dervish came up and announced that all was ready for departure, and so sure had Morgiana become of the good faith of her present master, that she obeyed with a ready movement, and felt even a passing emotion of joy at the thought of getting away from the vicinity of the scene of her recent imprisonment. She was soon in an easy saddle, and when Gulnare had mounted, the party set off. She found that there were two and twenty men in the party, twelve of them being white, and ten black, while the two horses which she and Gulnare now rode had been used for carrying provisions.

Two mamlouks went on ahead as guides, and next rode the dervish, in company with the damsels. Ere long a good road was reached, and then the whole party started into a brisk gallop, and for nearly five hours they rode thus without once stopping, and without hardly speaking. It was shortly after noon when they turned away from what seemed to be the main road, and entered a narrow path that led between two high mountains; and ere long afterwards they reached a verdant spot in the valley where they stopped. An hour was given for the resting of the horses, and a good meal was served.

After the meal was eaten, the dervish went and sat down by Morgiana, and with a smile, he said:

"Well, lady, have you any fear in trusting me now to our journey's end? Do you feel safe in our company?"

"O, my master," returned the maiden quickly, "my previous state made any change agreeable to me, and since I have been fleeing from the power of the Emir Bahader, I have felt grateful. Yet my bosom is racked with anxiety, for I know not what is my destination."

"First, lady," pursued the old man, "will thou not give me thy story since thou left Bagdad?"

Morgiana hesitated not, for the thought was present with her that if she would gain from her conductor the truth she must be plain with him; so she commenced and told her story from beginning to end. She told of the contract between herself and Hassan—the death of Assad—the sending of Elsena for the poison—the awakening on board the boat—the journey to Aden—the startling things which Gulnare had heard in the pavilion in Bahader's garden; and then she told of the potion she and her companion had taken, and also described the wonderful course of events that had so unexpectedly worked her deliverance.

"By Allah!" uttered the old man, after she had concluded, "do you not here see that God will take care of those that love him? But didst thou ever hear the name of Abdalla?"

Morgiana pondered a moment, and then looking up into her companion's face, she said:

"I know several of that name in Bagdad, but I only have heard of one elsewhere. Mokanna told us of a faithful sheik in Laban, to whom he directed us when we attempted first to escape."

"Then know, fair lady, that you have found him at length. I am Abdalla. And let me tell thee one other thing: He whom thou mourn'est is not dead!"

"Not dead!" repeated Morgiana, turning pale, for she feared that the first wild hope might be false, and that some other person was meant.

"No, Morgiana. They beloved is yet alive and well, and anxiously awaits thy coming."

The maiden gazed for a moment into the old man's face, and then sank back insensible. But she soon revived, and then she clasped her hands and gave thanks to God. Awhile she rested from the effects of the sudden intelligence, and then she said:

"Now tell me how you found me, for if I have not misunderstood thee, thou camest to Aden on purpose for me?"

"I did, lady. Mokanna came to Laban, and with him was Assad, and also a gigantic black slave named Marouf. They told me of your absence from Bagdad, and also of the presence there of the supposed merchant Califa. When I heard this merchant described, I knew 'twas none other than the emir of Aden, and with three men I at once set off. I had been watching about the walls of the town two days when I saw you in the manner which Allah had appointed."

"But how did Assad escape the terrible doom which had been pronounced upon him by the caliph?" asked Morgiana, her thoughts coming back to her lover.

"Did he not tell you, on the night when you left Bagdad in company, how he and Marouf had saved the lives of two men, by dragging them from the Tigris?"

"Yes, my master."

"Well, those men were none others than Haroun al Raschid and Giafar the Barmecide—the caliph and his grand vizier. Just on the eve of the death-stroke the Commander of the Faithful, who was looking from a window on the scene, recognized his preservers, and at once stayed the execution, and had Assad brought before him, where the youth told his story. After the caliph had heard it, he sent Mesrour after Ali Shir, commanding him to bring you with him, for Haroun had promised you should become the wife of Assad at once. Ali Shir came, but you were missing, and Assad was allowed to go in search of you. He went, and Mokanna and Marouf went with him."

"Then we will return to Bagdad, since matters stand thus," said Morgiana, when she had heard Abdalla's account.

"Ah, lady, you have other things to hear as well as this. I fear you would not be safe in Bagdad," the sheik replied, shaking his head dubiously. "But wait with patience, and you shall know the circumstances that have placed thee in so wondrous a position."

Morgiana would have asked more, but the horses had now eaten and rested, and the order was given to start.

The maiden saw she was now travelling to the eastward, and Abdalla told her the mountain on her left hand was one she had seen from the emir's palace, and directly beyond it was the beautiful vale through which ran the gentle stream that made the head waters of the noble Tigris. Thus they travelled on through the long winding vale until night, when they camped in a deep cave of the mountain, and Morgiana was told she must travel four days more ere she reached her journey's end.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE ADVENTURE
OF A ROMANTIC YOUNG MAN.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

JON SEDGEWICK CLINTON was a very romantic young man, and consequently his name was a great affliction, which he did not bear with that patience generally attributed to his illustrious namesake. As the gentleman grew older he dropped the offensive portion of his cognomen, and signed himself J. Sedgewick Clinton, but his father still clung to the Job; and our hero often wished that the rich old miser of an uncle, for whom he had been named, in the hope of being made heir, had been gathered to his fathers ere his advent, especially as not a cent of the said property ever came into his hands.

Young Clinton, however, was in an excellent business, being junior partner in the house of Clinton and Son, one of the wealthiest establishments in the city of Boston; and although he had a fine home, a doting mother, and many other things to render him comfortable, yet having attained to the age of twenty-five, he began to think of marrying. But the great trouble and obstacle now was, his romance, which was forever interposing just as he had made up his mind to offer himself.

Just about this time, an orphan cousin who had been brought up, and educated by Mr. Clinton, came home from boarding-school after an absence of three years. Sedgewick was very agreeably surprised to find that the pretty little girl had shot up into a beautiful young lady. Annie Gay was a sparkling brunette, with the most bewitching manners, just a dash of saucy coquetry mingling with her loveliness; a sweet voice, and an affectionate, enthusiastic nature, well regulated by a large share of common sense.

If Sedgewick soon discovered that his cousin was charming, she also found that he was quite handsome, intelligent, and of a noble nature; but spoiling himself for any future enjoyment of life, by cherishing a morbid sentimentality, and she sincerely hoped something would happen to cure him of this serious fault. At first Clinton was quite devoted to her, but discovering that she laughed most unmercifully at his weakness, his vanity was wounded, and he withdrew, heartily vexed at having unwarily made her the repository of several adventures he had met with in pursuit of a kindred spirit, and in which he had played a conspicuous rather than a glorious part; and for lack of any other confidante, poured out his woes in poetical flights, as if he had been a full-plumed Byron or Moore. But a brighter day was coming.

One afternoon our hero dropped into H—'s coffee-room to lunch, and after giving his directions looked about him. There was no other person in the room besides himself, with the exception of a lady opposite, also waiting for her order; and Clinton's notice was instantly attracted to her dress; it was in excellent taste, but its singularity consisted in a very large, rich, black lace veil, so thickly embroidered that not a feature of her face was discernible, although it was a warm day in July, and Sedgewick wondered that she did not raise it. Taking off her gloves, she revealed a pair of the whitest and handsomest-shaped hands he had ever seen, and on one of them glittered a costly diamond ring. On a neck, the snowy brilliancy of which Clinton had never seen rivalled, reposed a glossy curl of silky, light-brown hair; and he became exceedingly curious to see the face which belonged to such an elegant figure.

"Patience for a few minutes, and then my curiosity will be gratified," thought he.

The attendant brought both orders at the same time, and not wishing to appear rude, Clinton buttered his toast, seasoned the eggs, and sweetened the coffee, before he ventured to look up. What was his astonishment to see the lady conveying a fork, on which rested a morsel of pie, from the plate under her veil, which she held with her slightly with the other hand! His curiosity was now tenfold greater than before, and in his bewilderment he bestowed an additional spoonful of pepper upon the coffee, and liberally sugared the eggs.

In vain Clinton pondered upon this mystery—he could assign no possible reason for this singular behaviour, and with the pique of baffled curiosity, he resolved to discover who the lady was; accordingly, when she arose, Sedgewick was also ready to depart, and allowing a moment to elapse, followed her into the street. Keeping the flounced lavender berage in sight, Clinton walked up Washington Street, while it did not escape his notice that the lady had a very handsome gait, and handled her parasol quite daintily. After following her for some time, she suddenly vanished, and Clinton vainly endeavored to find her again. Vexed and disappointed he returned to his counting-room; and when he came home that evening Annie perceived something more than usual occupied his thoughts, but it was to no purpose that she tried to extract the secret from him—he had not forgotten her propensity to ridicule, and remained silent.

The next day, at about the same hour as before, Clinton stepped into H—'s, but did not see the veiled lady, and after several days of fruitless search, he gave up in despair—when a week afterwards as he was in a music-store, she again dawned upon his sight. After purchasing a piece of very difficult music she left, and at that instant Clinton perceived her purse lying upon the counter. Seizing it with delight, he rushed into the street and overtook its fair owner; with his very best bow and smile, Sedgewick said:

"I believe you forgot your porte monnaie in the store you have just left."

With a graceful ease, and most astonishing nonchalance she received the article, and in a sweet voice replied:

"I am excessively obliged to you for the trouble you have taken to restore me this trifle—it would always have been a great puzzle to me what I had done with it."

Clinton was astonished at the cool indifference which she displayed concerning this well-laden purse, and determined that she was very wealthy, as well as beautiful; and in despair of making her acquaintance any other way, Clinton resolved to introduce himself at the risk of offending her; and plucking up all his courage, he said:

"I beg your pardon madam, for my boldness, but I have seen you several times with increasing admiration, and an earnest desire to make your acquaintance has caused me to transgress the rules of strict etiquette. Will you do me the favor to accept my card, and if upon inquiry you shall discover that my position will warrant it, condescend to give me your address, and permit me to aspire to the honor of a visiting acquaintance?" And having delivered this speech, which he had been busily composing for several days, in hopes of some fortunate occasion, Clinton handed his card, and eagerly awaited her reply.

Glancing her eye over the name and residence neatly written thereon, the young lady transferred the bit of pasteboard to her card-case, and most flatteringly remarked:

"I do not need to inquire the character, or standing of Mr. Clinton—happily neither is unknown to me, and from your countenance and language, I am convinced we are congenial spirits. My address is Miss Wilhelmina Castlereagh; and I am at present residing at No. —, High Street. Start not, my friend, for such I feel you already are, at my humble abode; but my feelings are deeply enlisted in behalf of a very fine woman, who, though now in reduced circumstances, has seen better days. But her pride is immense, and I should not dare to offer her common charity. I therefore occupy several rooms in her house, as that is the only way in which I can befriend her. What though worldlings sneer at my apparent position—is not the consciousness of gladdening one broken heart, sufficient to repay such a slight sacrifice?"

Charmed with these sentiments, and free, unreserved confidence which convinced him he had at last met his "twin soul," Clinton replied in his most ardent affirmative, and begged permission to call some evening, that they might exchange the delightful sentiments they mutually entertained. With charming affability the lady named an evening when she should be free from the many engagements which she declared nearly overwhelmed her—and looking eagerly forward to the ensuing Saturday night, Clinton bade his new acquaintance a romantic adieu.

For the next three days, Annie Gay wondered what was the matter with her cousin; on all occasions he adopted the most euphuistic style of addressing her, and his conversation resembled a stage-struck lunatic, rather than an intelligent, common-sense young man; but failing to discover the reason of this outbreak, she amused herself with the effects, which were very visible to every one who held a five minutes' conversation with him, while the cook and housemaid's heads were nearly turned by the inflated style in which he preferred his requests or commands; for in his present state, Clinton deemed that every individual of the sex to which his adorable incognita belonged, was entitled to his homage.

Saturday evening came, and attired in his best style, Clinton repaired to the abode of his fair unknown. As he neared the house, in spite of his enthusiasm, it forcibly struck him that under any other circumstances, he should have called the place decidedly shabby; but remembering the probable beauty of its inmate, he persevered, and ascending the steps of the somewhat dilapidated mansion, rang a rickety old bell, whose wiry tinklings awoke a multitude of reverberating echoes. A blowsy, slatternly-looking Irish woman answered the summons, and replied in the affirmative to Clinton's question if Miss Castlereagh was at home. After ushering him up two flights of stairs into a small apartment furnished as a parlor, which was dimly lighted, it being a very warm night, and promising to call the lady, his interesting guide disappeared. Clinton wondered with a smile, if this was the charming woman, for whose sake Miss Castlereagh sacrificed her social position.

He glanced around the apartment—the curtains were of tarnished, cheap brocade, and muslin which *had* been white; four cane-seated chairs, a lounge covered with gaudy chintz, and a table, on which stood a lamp with a painted shade, completed the furniture; but to make amends there was a guitar in one corner, and a harp case in another—a quantity of music scattered in elegant disorder, and several glaring daubs in flashy, gilt frames hanging on the walls; and Clinton fancied a very perceptible scent of cabbage and onions pervaded the house. The door at this moment opened, admitting the form of Miss Wilhelmina, and alas—still veiled! Springing forward, Clinton handed the lady to a chair, and seating himself beside her, eagerly inquired how she had been since he last saw her. With a theatrical gesture of her hand, which was cased in a black mit, she responded:

"Ah, my friend, why do we ask after the fleshy encasement, when the precious treasure it contains is of so much more importance?"

Quite abashed at the implied rebuke, Clinton did not think to remind his companion that the mind was considerably dependent upon the body after all, but before he could reply the lady said:

"How sweet is the communion of friends—methinks, with your presence a delicious calm has settled on my wearied soul; do you not experience a sensation of relief at meeting with one whose congeniality of thoughts renders conversation a pastime?"

Clinton could not say he did, for with all his romance he was obliged to confess he was no match for his glib-tongued companion. But determined not to be outdone, he bowed assent; and glancing at the guitar, ventured to inquire if she was a performer on that instrument.

"Ah, yes! In my hours of sadness it is my constant comforter;" and taking it up, she passed the ribbon around her neck, and commenced tuning it. After a prelude, the lady commenced an interminable ballad of fourteen stanzas, to a monotonous tune, the chief burden being the loves and romantic adventures of a knight and ladye of the olden time. At its conclusion, Clinton expressed himself highly delighted, as well he might be.

After this performance the lady grew more incoherently sublime than ever, and quite distanced Clinton, who took refuge in silence, momentarily becoming slightly uneasy, more especially as after noting a very valuable ring on his finger, and requesting permission to inspect it closer, she placed it on her hand, from which he saw no inclination to remove it, while she exclaimed:

"How inadequate are riches to purchase affection! I have been offered princely fortunes if I would consent to become the idol of a nobleman's heart; for the privilege of adoring me, I have been urged to accept a proud position, and a life of devotion. But no! to such I have invariably answered, 'It cannot be!' Never shall it be said that Wilhelmina Castlereagh, the descendant of an ancient house, sold her affections for gold!' But now I have found one who realizes my wildest dreams of perfection—ah! need I name this bright vision that has crossed my path?" And the lady grasped Clinton's arm in a frantic manner. "Why should conventionality and false delicacy deter me from confessing my love, and bestowing my hand where my heart is already given?" And here she evinced signs of a determination to throw herself into her astonished companion's arms. Wholly unprepared for so startling a termination of affairs, Clinton was, to use a nautical phrase, considerably taken aback, and stammered, hardly conscious of what he said:

"But—but—I have never seen your face!"

"Permit me to retire for a moment," exclaimed the unknown, and she hastily entered an apartment beyond. In another instant she returned, and advancing to Clinton, exclaimed—"Behold!"

Removing the veil, to which were fastened several light brown curls, she disclosed to the horror stricken Clinton, a round, flat visage, a white, woolly head, and pink eyes that glowed like fire. The thick lips and flattened nose were unmistakable marks that the mysterious stranger was an albino! Clinton waited not for a second glance, but seizing his hat in desperation rushed from the house.

From that night there was a very perceptible change. He no longer scrawled sixth-rate rhymes, nor gazed at the moon on a cool night at the risk of a cold in his head; but resolutely turned up his dickey, and considered a fine, rosy girl, who ate sufficient chicken wings to sustain life, a sensible and even interesting object. In process of time, Clinton proposed to his charming cousin, and was accepted. After they had been married nearly a year, Sedgewick one day perceived the identical ring that had become the prey of the ci-devant Miss Castlereagh glistening on his wife's finger. "Where did you get that?" he hastily exclaimed: With a merry laugh, Annie then told him he had been the dupe of a very ingenious plot. She had noticed with regret a morbid romance gaining possession of him, and had laid a plan to cure him. She had therefore enlisted another of his cousins in the scheme. There was at that time an albino in the city on exhibition, and by promising her a considerable reward, she had been induced to play the following part. At the hour of the day when Sedgewick took his accustomed lunch, the girl had gone into H—'s, and by the singularity already described, attracted his attention. He had suddenly lost sight of her, and the second time he saw her, as he supposed, his cousin Julia had met him in the music-store in a similar dress, and disguising her voice, carried on the conversation in the street.

The plotters had previously secured the approbation and concurrence of Mr. Clinton, Sr., and the appointed place of meeting was at the house of one of his tenants, where the girls had prepared an apartment for Sedgewick's reception. Julia had received him, and played the part of hostess, until the point where it became necessary to unveil. She then left the room, and the substitute entered; the sight of her face had produced the expected effect of causing Clinton to take a hasty departure. The two girls and their uncle rode home, and Annie had just seated herself in the drawing room, when Sedgewick came.

"Now do not be angry," said his wife, as she laughingly concluded; "remember you confess you have been much happier since you gave up those romantic ideas you once entertained; and for all this, you have to thank Julia and myself."

Clinton could but respond to the sentiment, and all chagrin was dissipated in a hearty laugh at his former folly.

[Written for the Flag
THERE'S A FUTURE
BY FRANK FR

When disappointments w
And brightest hopes h
While e'en the past coun
Though keenly it may
When present cares wou
And from their sorrow
One only thought can w
There's a future still f

When I am blighted by
And those of nobler be
By them with trifling sc
And loss of moral worth
While in obscurity I dwe
And from her cave the
With bitter scorn I love
There's a future still f

Though I have strewn in
Some share of pebble
My efforts yet have ever
A failure all my days;
And if mishap for age I
I still might bend the
And bring the blissful th
There's a future still f

[Translated from the French for
LOVE AND
BY ANNE T.

ONE evening in August
Weissembourg, in Alsace
together in a small apar
pearance—a man whose h
turn gray, a young girl in
and beauty, and an officer
twenty years of age. The
expressed at once dignity
and melancholy, was seat
head resting on one hand,
mechanically turning over
occupation and this reveri
from listening attentively
to him by the young man,
leaning over the back o
apart, in the embrasure of
girl was also listening with
did but conceal, but which
no avail, for the conversati
of which she did not und
English; her eyes, also, w
the embroidery beneath h
upon the two interlocutors
under solicitude for the on
for the other.

The principal personag
was Stanislaus, ex-king o
by Peter the Great, living
Alsace, on a moderate pen
France. The young lady
only consolation of his exil
was the Count d'Estrees, c
which the court of Louis
guard to the dethroned kin

Honored by the particula
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he appeared to fear as mu
suddenly stopped, and, lo
nance and voice, could onl
words, "*distinguished favor*

"A favor!" exclaimed
ful astonishment; "can yo
of me, my friend? It sha
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since I have conferred
I had renounced forever th
of royalty. Speak then w
count, and let me become
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life!"

"Sire," returned D'Est
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in order to risk the avowal
you. I love your daughter
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On hearing these word
hastily withdrew the hand
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foot is resting on his throne

"You love the princess
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"It is true, sire," return
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and his own; "it is true
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august daughter. But the
herself, not less than in me

"What do you mean?
receive the avowal of your

"Be assure yourself, sir
justify myself! When I can
when I saw you for the first
a monarch who had lost no
in your daughter a princes
respect; but I appeal to yo
of you has ceased, since th
your rank in my presence
the abyss which separated
been the first to pass it, ha
your hand towards me, ho
your friend? Your friend
fence, as well as my fault.
How could I remember
while you seemed to forget
were to me almost a father
after having venerated her a ma

[Written for the Flag of our Union]

THERE'S A FUTURE STILL FOR ME.

BY FRANK FREEQUILL.

When disappointments vex the soul,
And brightest hopes have died,
While e'en the past cannot console,
Though sunny it may chide;
When present cares would drive me mad,
And from their scourge I'd flee,
One only thought can make me glad,
There's a future still for me.

When I am slighted by the proud,
And those of nobler birth,
By them with trifling sense endowed.
And less of moral worth—
While in obscurity I dwell,
And from her care the world must see,
With bitter scorn I love to say:
There's a future still for me.

Though I have strove in vain to win
Some share of public praise,
My efforts yet have ever been
A future still my stay;
And if mishap for aye I find,
I still might bend the knee,
And bring the blissful thought to mind,
There's a future still for me.

[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

LOVE AND FORTUNE.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

One evening in August, 1723, in the city of Weissenbourg, in Alsace, three persons were together in a small apartment of modest appearance—a man whose hair was beginning to turn gray, a young girl in the flower of youth and beauty, and an officer who was, at most, but twenty years of age. The first, whose features expressed at once dignity and mildness, courage and melancholy, was seated before a table, his head resting on one hand, while the other was mechanically turning over some papers. This occupation and this reverie did not prevent him from listening attentively to the words addressed to him by the young man, who was respectfully leaning over the back of his chair. Seated apart, in the embrasure of a window, the young girl was also listening with a curiosity which she did not conceal, but which was unfortunately of no avail, for the conversation was in a language of which she did not understand one word, in English; her eyes, also, were often lifted from the embroidery beneath her fingers, and rested upon the two interlocutors with glances full of tender solicitude for the one and naive politeness for the other.

The principal personage of this little scene was Stanislaus, ex-king of Poland, dethroned by Peter the Great, living then in poverty, in Alsace, on a moderate pension allowed him by France. The young lady was his daughter, the only consolation of his exile, and the young man was the Count d'Estrees, captain in a regiment which the court of Louis XV. had given for a guard to the dethroned king.

Honored by the particular friendship of Stanislaus, the Count d'Estrees had become a frequent guest at his house, and had made France beloved there, the worthy representative of which he was, by the brilliant qualities and agreeable defects of his character. This evening he had something very important to say to the monarch, judging by the language he had chosen in order not to be understood by the princess, and by the looks of embarrassment which he cast, as he spoke, from the face of the father to that of the daughter. When he had arrived at that point of the conversation which he appeared to fear as much as he desired, he suddenly stopped, and, losing at once countenance and voice, could only stammer timidly the words, "*distinguished favor.*"

"A favor!" exclaimed Stanislaus, with joyful astonishment; "can you have a favor to ask of me, my friend? It shall be granted a thousand times, if it is in my power! It is so long since I have conferred benefits on any one, that I had renounced forever this sweet prerogative of royalty. Speak then without constraint, dear count, and let me become king again one instant, that I may make one person happy in my life!"

"Sire," returned D'Estrees, making an effort to control himself, "deign to forget your greatness, instead of remembering it; for I must forget it myself, and think only of your goodness, in order to risk the avowal which I have to make you. I love your daughter, sire, and I dare aspire to become your son in-law."

On hearing these words, Stanislaus started, hastily withdrew the hand which he had extended to the young man, and, rising to his full height, with the movement of the king whose foot is resting on his throne, said to the captain:

"You love the princess, count?" And the severity of his tone, as well as of his look, recalled all the distance which there was between the titles of count and princess.

"It is true, sire," returned the officer, replying at the same time to the thought of the king and his own; "it is true. "I have been rash, insensate, in daring to fix my love on your august daughter. But the fault is in you and in herself, not less than in me."

"What do you mean? Am I not the first to receive the avowal of your imprudence?"

"Re-assure yourself, sire, and suffer me to justify myself! When I came to Weissenbourg, when I saw you for the first time, I found in you a monarch who had lost nothing of his majesty, in your daughter a princess worthy of all my respect; but I spread to yourself, whether either of you has erased, since that day, to lay aside your rank in my presence—to make me forget the abyss which separated us. Have you not been the first to pass it, have you not extended your hand towards me, have you not called me your friend? Your friend! Ah! my whole defence, as well as my fault, lies in those words. How could I remember that you were king, while you seemed to forget it yourself, while you were to me almost a father? And your daughter, after having venerated her as a sovereign, after having adored her as a master-piece of the Creator, may I not love her as she has revealed herself to me, daily, as the best, the most angelic, the most modest of women? For has she been anything else with regard to me, sire? Once more, I appeal to yourself! If my boldness has offended you, at least seek to understand and pity it; and if I have but dreamed, do not be in haste to awaken me."

The sincere emotion which animated these words was remarked by the young girl, and involuntarily communicated itself to Stanislaus. His countenance by degrees changed; his habitual benevolence resumed its place there, and tenderness succeeded to severity. Casting an indulgent glance on the humid eyes of the captain, he took his hand again and made him sit down by his side.

"Yes," said he, gently shaking his head, "this is indeed love, the finest and most precious sentiment of the soul—when it is durable; you are a brave and loyal young man, D'Estrees; you are worthy to espouse a queen, as my daughter is worthy to espouse a king. But I am no longer a king. I was wrong just now to believe that I was so still; I ought not to cease to be to you a friend, to my daughter a father; these are the only titles left me, they are at least the most sacred to my heart; I will fulfil their duties."

The voice of the prince trembled, as he finished this sentence. As he said, the illusion of a moment had vanished; the man and the father took the place of the monarch. He passed his hand over his forehead two or three times, let it rest for a few moments on his eyes, and revealed, as he removed it, tears he could no longer control.

"Speak, sire," exclaimed D'Estrees, palpitating with hope.

Stanislaus looked at his daughter, in order to find in this sight the courage which he needed, and addressing the captain in a softened voice, said, slowly:

"My friend, have you indeed a deep and lasting love for my daughter?"

"Entire and eternal!" interrupted the young man, with a passionate exaggeration which brought a smile on the king's lips.

"Well," replied Stanislaus, "since my daughter must, like myself, renounce the honors of a throne, I ought, on my part, to limit myself to securing her happiness, and I believe, my dear count, that no one is better calculated than yourself to aid me in this mission."

"Ah, you restore me to life—"

"Hear me to the end. I attach one express condition to the accomplishment of your desires. In abdicating royal grandeur, the princess cannot descend below a certain rank which ensures a suitable condition to her descendants. Become duke and peer, and her hand is yours. It is the least I can demand, and I do not think you will require the impossible."

"Ah, for such a prize, of what would I not be capable! Before a year, sire, I will be duke and peer, or I will no longer exist. The regent is the friend of my family; he wishes me well—he will give me an opportunity to merit the title which I will immediately go to solicit of his majesty."

As he spoke thus, the count rose, wishing to go at that very instant to write for leave of absence; but, his glance having met that of the king's daughter, more puzzled than ever by the scene she had witnessed, he made an expressive gesture, which said: "Will she love me as I love her?" And he was about to throw himself at her feet to obtain this sweet assurance at the price of the most tender avowals, when Stanislaus stopped him authoritatively, whispering:

"One other condition, my friend; if my daughter does not yet love you, fear not that she will ever love another. I will be responsible for her heart, as well as my own. You know how dear you have rendered to us whatever appertains to France. Already proud of being in some sort French in her exile, she will be happy to espouse a Frenchman. But do not hasten matters, and do not tempt Providence. Leave this place as a friend, and re-appear as a lover only on the day when there shall no longer be an obstacle to your happiness. This is a promise which I exact from your reason as well as from your loyalty."

D'Estrees submitted to this condition and remained faithful to it, whatever effort it might have cost him. A week afterwards, he received his dismissal, and left Weissenbourg without having said a word of his love to the daughter of Stanislaus, his only encouragement from her being the sincere regret which she manifested at the approaching absence of one in whom she had been accustomed to see the personification of the finest nation in the world.

Immediately on arriving at Paris, D'Estrees hastened to the regent and made him promise to dispose Louis XV. favorably for the audience which he was about to request of his majesty. In fact, at the expiration of a few days, he was received at the Tuileries by the young king, in presence of the Duke of Orleans. The two princes gracefully placed him at his ease, and he boldly said:

"Sire, I come to submit to your royal goodness a request on which my life depends. I have raised my desires so high, that neither my name, my services, nor my devotion will be a sufficient recommendation; but if my ancestors have deserved well of the country and of your fathers, if any recompense is still due to their memory, any honor to their race, let this honor and this recompense be mine, sire! I shall know how to render myself worthy, in the future, of what I may have obtained as an encouragement. My whole life shall be devoted to your majesty and to my country. I will raise myself to the height of the rank you may have accorded me."

"To what great favor do you aspire, my dear count?" interrupted the regent, with his customary frankness.

"To the title of duke and peer," replied the captain, gravely.

The king and the regent were so astonished, that they made him repeat the words thrice. When D'Estrees had obeyed them, the former seemed petrified on his seat, and the latter quitted his with amusing haste.

"Duke and peer!" exclaimed the regent, discoursing the young man by a look; "the air of Alsace must have turned your head. Duke and peer at the age of twenty, after a fireside campaign with the ex king of Poland! You cannot really expect this!"

Louis XV. disarmed, by an indulgent smile, the irony of his uncle, and requested the Count d'Estrees to explain his reason for desiring a duchy.

"In fact," said the officer, blushing, "this reason alone can justify my rashness. I have acquired my ambition from love."

At this word, the regent sighed and made a movement of jesting compassion, while the king became more attentive, beckoned to the count to continue, and looked at him earnestly.

"Yes, sire," returned the latter, re-animating at the fire of his own words, "I address myself to you in the name of the purest, most ardent, and most honorable love. She whom I love merits a crown by her birth, as well as by her beauty."

"She is then very beautiful and very illustrious?" interrupted Louis XV. with a visible interest, which was beginning to be changed into sympathy.

And the captain, feeling that he no longer had to deal with a king giving audience, but with a young man captivated by a love confidence, drew a brilliant and detailed picture of the perfections and merits of her who had captivated his heart.

"I repeat to you, sire, added he, enthusiastically, "an alliance with her would do honor to a monarch, and her father will be satisfied, in order to grant me her hand, with the title which I solicit of your majesty."

"Indeed," observed the regent, ironically, "this good father is not difficult."

"No, Monsieur Duke," hastily replied the captain, "for he is no other than Stanislaus, King of Poland."

"His daughter love you?" exclaimed Louis XV. wonderingly.

"I do not know, and she is herself ignorant of my intentions; but she will love me, I hope, and it rests with you, sire, whether I become her happy husband."

The king remained for a few moments silent, looking at the officer with an attention mingled with envy, and was perhaps about to have granted his request, in an impulse of generosity, when he was interrupted by a burst of laughter from the regent.

"Pray, sire," said the latter, advancing towards Louis XV., "do not listen to your age and heart, and beware of rendering yourself an accomplice in an act of folly."

"Of folly!" said D'Estrees, with suppressed indignation.

"Yes, of folly," pursued the duke. "A gentleman of your name to espouse the daughter of Stanislaus, of an elective ex king, who has no means of subsistence but the alms which we dole out to him through pity! You could not choose a worse party in all Europe; you would not have a crown of dowry, my dear sir, and you must support your father in-law out of your income. The poorest financier in Paris would make a better bargain. Hold, I know a young girl, who would suit you exactly, the daughter of a farmer-general, who was presented to us the other day, a charming person, about sixteen, the finest eyes in the world, and a dowry of three millions! Here is something, I think, which will make you forget your little Pole. Come, it is decided—I will undertake to make the match; you shall be a millionaire, and the duchy shall come by and by. What do you say to it, sire?"

The king could not repress a smile, though he regarded the pretensions of D'Estrees in quite a different light from his uncle. As for D'Estrees himself, respect alone prevented him from refuting with eagerness the jests which seemed to him so many blasphemies. The hour for the council came to cut short the energetic appeal he was about to address to the heart of the monarch.

"When shall I make you faithless?" asked the duke, with the most gracious sang froid, as he rose to accompany Louis XV.

"Never!" exclaimed the captain.

"To morrow," returned the regent, "to-morrow evening, repair to the Palais Royal, to my *petit souper*. It is a challenge, Monsieur Count. I forbid you to refuse."

"I will accept it, monseigneur," replied the officer, proudly. "Your majesty shall be the judge," added he, saluting the king, who withdrew, pensively, after having given him a smile of encouragement.

One year, to a day, after the first scene of our story, on a dark and gloomy evening towards night, Stanislaus was alone with his daughter, at the extremity of the little saloon of Weissenbourg, where we have already seen them together. The modest apartment was not yet lighted, and the countenance of the ex king was in perfect harmony with this melancholy twilight. A fixed and discouraging idea seemed to torment his mind, and the young girl could not succeed in dispelling it, after having in vain requested his confidence.

"Another ingrate, doubtless," suddenly sighed the monarch, beginning to walk about the room. "As for this one," continued he, "he shall have neither pardon nor favor. But I will think no more of it," he hastened to add, with an air of feigned indifference. And he returned towards his daughter and looked at her tenderly.

"Of whom are you speaking?" asked the latter, gently.

"Of a young man whom I loved, whose affection had smiled on my old age like a last hope—of the Count d'Estrees, who is probably no longer thinking of me."

"Do not believe it, father. Does he no longer send you those letters which you so absolutely refused to let me read?"

"Not one for six months," replied Stanislaus. "Another ingrate, I tell you! Forget him, as I do, and let us never speak of him again."

At the moment he finished these words, which the young girl had received as a command, sadly casting down her head, a domestic entered the saloon, and after having placed two flambeaux on the table, presented two letters which had just arrived from Paris. The one had been brought by express, the other by the ordinary courier. The king took the latter first, and carelessly approaching one of the flambeaux, exclaimed:

"I am not mistaken! Can I have condemned him too soon? It is from him! it is indeed from him! Here is his signature. Gord d'Estrees, pardon! Pardon him also, my child. Some malady, doubtless, some campaign, perhaps some disgrace, must have prevented him from writing. Come, bring both lights and let me read this." The princess withdrew to the other end of the saloon, and Stanislaus hastened to devour with his eyes the captain's letter. But hardly had he read half of it, when he turned pale, trembled, and threw the paper on the table with a despairing sigh.

"What is the matter, father?" exclaimed the young princess, immediately returning towards him.

"Nothing; ask me nothing!" said the king, in a broken voice, while he hastened to wipe away the tears which were falling from his eyes, in spite of himself. "Embrace me, my child," added he, immediately seeking in his tenderness the consolation of his sorrow.

The princess silently clasped him in her arms, and loaded him with the most tender caresses. But he quickly left her to go to seek air at a window. He was stifling with grief, mortification and anger. And he had reason; for in the letter he had just read, D'Estrees announced to him that he was compelled to relinquish the hand of his daughter and restore to him his royal word. Recognizing himself too late as unworthy of so high an alliance, he excused his retreat by the impossibility of obtaining the titles of duke and peer, and expressed his profound regrets in terms which poorly disguised his inconstancy.

With his infallible skill on these occasions, the regent, overturning all the ideas of his protege respecting marriage, had succeeded in persuading him that the daughter of the poor king of Poland was unworthy of him, and had annihilated his lofty sentiments under a double fire of jests and from the fine eyes of the daughter of the farmer general. Stanislaus had therefore uselessly abdicated his royal majesty in favor of an inconstant young man, and his paternal pretensions had been raised too high!

While he was tasting apart, with rage and despair, this last drop of the chalice of misfortune and of exile, the princess knew not what remedy to apply to a wound the depth of which she dared not question, and, for want of any other method of consolation, was beginning to weep with the king, when a sudden idea came to her mind, at sight of the second letter forgotten on the table.

"My father," said she, hastening to present it to him, "you have not read both despatches; here is one which may perhaps bring you better news."

"Faithless and unworthy!" murmured the prince, without listening to his daughter. "If you know, my child! if you knew!" And he was about to have told her all. "But no, no," resumed he, "this is a secret with which I ought not to trouble your pure soul. Only promise to speak no more to me of France or of Frenchmen, unless to curse them!"

"O, my father!" interrupted the princess, with the sorrowful eagerness with which one defends a last illusion; "compose yourself, I entreat, and read this second letter. See, it is sealed with the arms of Louis XV."

"It is doubtless," said Stanislaus, disdainfully breaking the seal, "the payment of some arrears of our pension. So," pursued he, returning to seat himself beside the table, "I still remain dependent on the king's bounty. But this shall not be; I will be indebted to myself alone for support, even were it necessary for me to take in some foreign troops, the simple grade with which I commenced."

As he spoke thus, he opened the despatch. He had no sooner read a few lines, than he was agitated with an emotion still more violent than at first, although it was of an opposite nature. He arose, as if in delirium; his eyes were troubled; he grew red and pale by turns, exclaimed, "my daughter!" extended the paper to the princess, and, dropping in her arms, fell immediately without consciousness.

Notwithstanding all the cares lavished upon him, his swoon lasted nearly an hour; and it was only when he came to himself that the princess, re-assured, cast her eyes on the despatch. It came from the court of France, and solicited of Stanislaus the hand of his daughter, Marie Leczinska, for the King of France and Navarre.

The scene of audience which we have described had entirely different consequences for Louis XV. and the Count d'Estrees. Struck with the impassioned eulogies which the Polish princess had inspired in the latter, the young king had involuntarily turned his thoughts towards Marie Leczinska, at the same time that the forgetful lover had turned his towards the opulent daughter of the farmer-general. The sympathetic interest which the misfortunes of Stanislaus had naturally inspired in him, had by degrees converted this vague impression into a more real sentiment. Impartial reports had confirmed in his eyes the poetic picture drawn by the captain of the rare qualities of the young foreigner. In fine, on the day when the Duke de Bourbon presented to him a list of the noblest princesses of Europe who could aspire to the honor of his alliance, he had added to these brilliant names the humble name of the daughter of the dethroned prince, and had chosen her as his wife.

A week after the marriage of the Count d'Estrees with Mlle. d'Astanieres, the Duke of Orleans espoused Marie Leczinska in the cathedral of Strasbourg, by proxy, for the King of France and Navarre.

A work recently published in London, in a paragraph referring to the ice trade of America, says "the celebrated Wenham Lake is beautifully embosomed in the mountains in the town of New Hampshire, *Massachusetts*."

HANGING FOR THEFT.

While John Hancock was Governor of the Commonwealth, Rachel Wall was hung in Boston, for highway robbery. Her offence consisted in twitching from the hand of another female a bonnet, worth perhaps seventy five cents, and running off with it. The most urgent applications for her pardon were unsuccessful. I mention this not to the disparagement of the governor. He doubtless acted from a sense of duty—thinking it best for the community that the laws of the land—however frightfully severe—while they were laws, should be executed.

A lad of eighteen years was hung in Salem, for arson, during the administration of Governor Strong, similar appeals in his favor being considered and overruled. Yet the intelligence and the humanity, alike of the executive and of the council, notwithstanding the result arrived at in both these instances, were unquestionable.

Within the same period, a gentleman of this city saw a girl hung in London for stealing a silver cream pitcher. Edward Valle Brown was hung in Boston, for burglary committed in the house of Capt. Osias Goodwin, in Charter Street, for stealing therefrom sundry articles. I once owned a set of the Old Bailey Trials (1755, 1825), embraced in a series of perhaps 60 quarto volumes. The earliest of these volumes contained the details of the trials of the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, for forgery, whose touching appeal for mercy, here recorded, was fruitlessly enforced by the splendid eloquence of Johnson. In the later volume, long after the commencement of the present century, eight separate capital convictions are recorded as one day's work of a single tribunal, the culprits being all boys and girls between the ages of ten and sixteen, and their offences petty thefts.

One case I remember of peculiar judicial atrocity. A young girl of seventeen was indicted for stealing a roll of ribbon worth three shillings. The prosecutor's testimony was to this effect: "The prisoner came into my shop and bought some ribbon. I saw her secrete this piece also. I personally knew her, and was on the most friendly and sociable terms with her. When she left the shop, I accompanied her, and offered her my arm, which she accepted. We chatted together. As we reached the corner of a street leading to the Bow Street office, I turned toward it. She said she was going in another direction, and bade me good morning. I said to her, '*No!* you are going with me! I saw you steal a piece of my ribbon!' She immediately implored me for God's sake to overlook it, and restored to me the article. I said to her that I had lost many things in this manner, and was resolved to make her an example—*that I was determined to have her life!*" And he got it. I can never forget how my blood boiled as I read the testimony of this cold hearted wretch. In view of the judgment of a merciful God, far rather, it seemed to me, would I have been in the place of that poor, frail, erring girl, even on the scaffold, than in the place of her heartless accuser.

I rose from the perusal of these volumes, horror-struck with the continuous records of inconceivable legal cruelty. It seemed to me the 70,000 hangings, in the reign of Henry VIII., were matched by an equally long list of persons *condemned to be hung* in the reign of George III. Since this time, much has been done in England by Romilly, Brougham, Mackintosh and Sidney Smith, and as much—perhaps more—by hundred philanthropists on this side of the Atlantic. Hanging has, indeed, become a rarity with us; but within even the last year, I have seen a little boy, who, for week after week, had been tenants of a cell in our jail, for the atrocious offence of throwing a snow-ball at—Abby Folsom! And another, who, coming from Lowell the day before, was tempted in the morning by an open baker's cart, and snatched from it a small roll of bread as an extempore breakfast. Their respective fines were $2 each and costs, which they, of course, could not pay. This circumstance gave me an edifying impression of the *equality* of the law, as it bears on rich and poor. I sent these two urchins on their way rejoicing; but others have, doubtless, taken their places every week since.

The world has, indeed, grown wiser and better in some respects; but in the criminal law, there is a noble battle-field of humanity yet to be fought and won.—"GLEANER," in *Boston Transcript*.

EATING A BULL.

There are examples enough of ambassadors having been roughly handled. A papal legate, who brought a bull which the Pope had fulminated against Visconti, tyrant of Milan, was made to eat that document. Visconti marched the legate gravely to the Naviglio bridge, and then said to him, abruptly: "Choose whether you will rather have something to eat or something to drink, in memory of your mission; for one of the two you shall surely have before you depart." The holy man turned a miserable and imploring look on his persecutor, and then an anxious glance on the deep stream which roared below. The latter determined him; and fearing that if he decided on drinking, he would be bundled at once into the river, he gasped out that his choice was made; he would "eat!" "Do so, then," sneered Visconti, grimly; "swallow this piece of lead and the silken fastening to your bull." The legate at once saw that remonstrance would be useless—even a wry face might be dangerous; so he munched the lead and silk in rueful silence. When he had eaten it, Visconti complimented him on his digestion, and dismissed him about his business. It is needless to say that the reverend gentleman never looked behind him.—*Boston Statesman.*

THE POET MOORE.

Alluding to Tom Moore, Mr. Irving said that he took extraordinary pains with all he wrote. He used to compose his poetry walking up and down a gravel walk in his garden and when he had a line, a couplet, or a stanza polished to suit his mind, he would go to a little summer house near by, and write it down. He used to think ten lines a good day's work, and would keep the little poem for weeks, waiting for a single word. On one occasion, he was riding with Mr. Moore in a cab, in Paris, and the driver carelessly drove into a hole in the pavement, which gave the vehicle a tremendous jolt. Moore was tossed aloft, and on regaining his seat, exclaimed, "By Jove, I've got it." "Got what?" said his companion, in some alarm. "My word," was the reply. "I have been trying for it these six weeks, and now that rascal has jolted it out of me." On reaching his room, Moore inserted the word, and immediately despatched the finished song to his publisher in London.—*Home Journal.*

PRIMITIVE MARRIAGES.

The marriages of the poor in the rural districts of western Africa are conducted in a fashion altogether unique. The happy pair are not only united without a penny in their pocket, but they invite all the surrounding families to the marriage festival. Each guest, however, is expected to be a contributor both to the feast and to the housekeeping stock of the young people. Some bring wine, honey or corn, and others linen, and even money. Thus a liberal supply is scrambled together, and the utmost hilarity prevails. Frequently as many as three hundred people assemble at these bridals, and their contributions often constitute the sum total of the worldly goods with which the newly married pair commence life together.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO A SINGING BIRD, IN WINTER.

BY WM L. SHOEMAKER.

Sing on, blithe bird, I give thee praise
For that sweet song of thine;
For, like the voice of her I love,
It cheers the heart of mine.
Sing, sing.
Nor spread thy downy wing
To move
From that bare, leafless tree,
For thou recall'st to me the days
When all was warmth and glee.

Now all around is drear and chill;
The ground is white with snow;
The streams are dumb, the flowers are gone;
And winter winds do blow;
But while
Thou singest thus, a smile
Comes on,
And Nature's face makes bright:
So, prithee, glad bird, carol still,
Thou bringer of delight!

Thou the cold air dost little heed;
Thy heart is always gay;
The glow of summer lingers there,
Though she hath passed away:
Thy hymn
Hath ne'er the trace of grim
Despair:
Thou then a lesson wise
Unto my listening soul dost read,
Which I will not despise.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PUGWASH EXCITEMENT.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

The town of Pugwash, as everybody at all conversant with the geography of their native State must be well aware, is separated by local causes, and a division of interests, into three distinct clusters or villages, known as Pugwash Centre, East Pugwash, and Pugwash Corner. Of the three, East Pugwash is of the least importance, it being considered merely a suburb of the other two; but Pugwash Centre and Pugwash Corner are both places of note, and it is a matter of no little debate which of the two is entitled to the most consideration. Both possess a hotel, at which no one ever stops, both have a meeting house, and both a post-office.

Time out of mind there has been a rivalry between the Pugwashians proper—as the Centre people delight to call themselves—and the Corner folks; but although party spirit has at times run very high; yet never to such an extent as to prevent the girls from the Corner attending dances at the Centre, or *vice versa*. But this winter, matters have arrived at a crisis, and the feud has thus far been waged with great bitterness. This deplorable state of things was brought about in this way:

The principal of the Pugwash academy, being old and well stricken in years, was gathered unto his fathers, and it became necessary to supply his place; and here commenced that fierce strife which is shaking Pugwash to the very centre. The young Pugwash party were in favor of increasing the salary, and obtaining a first class teacher; this the conservative or old fogy party resisted; and the question, after much and strong debate, was submitted to the people, and decided by a majority of seven in favor of the advanced salary. In pursuance of this decision, a young gentleman, an under-graduate of one of our principal colleges, was induced to accept the charge. Early in November he arrived in town, and to the great disappointment of the Centre people, took up his residence at the house of Mrs. Jenkins Tompkins, at Pugwash Corner.

The advent of this important personage, you may be sure, caused no little sensation among the young ladies; for he was an exceedingly interesting and cadaverous young gentleman, of consumptive appearance, with a figure like a tongs, and a complexion like death on the pale horse. Moreover, the old ladies had discovered, after an immense amount of prying and inquiring (and what the old ladies of Pugwash can't discover, you may be certain is not worth finding out), that Mr. Slumpkins, the new teacher, was third cousin to the Hon. Adoniram Slumpkins, late member of Congress from the fourth district. This fact, as may be supposed, by no means tended to allay the excitement, and it was really astonishing how many unmarried ladies all at once had business in the vicinity of the academy, or found it convenient to call upon Mrs. Jenkins Tompkins.

Innumerable were the invitations that poured in upon the new teacher, to attend merry makings, but it was speedily discovered that he was of a serious turn of mind, and eschewed hilarity. In view of this fact, it is not surprising that the young ladies simultaneously became thoughtful, and tracts were distributed about the town with a profusion wonderful to behold, and this is the reason why there have been so few dances at Pugwash this winter.

For a time Mr. Slampkins divided his attention equally, that is to say, he called and stopped to tea as often at the Centre as at the Corner. But this state of things was not at all satisfactory, each party wished to appropriate him altogether; and it was to this end, that the Corner people (always meaning the young ladies) formed themselves into a society, of which the first intimation the Centre girls had of its existence was a paragraph in the Pugwash Independent, which stated that "The young ladies of Pugwash *Corner* (the word Corner was italicised), with a spirit of benevolence which did honor to their hearts, had instituted a young ladies' circle and charitable association, which society was to hold semi-weekly meetings at the house of Mrs. Jenkins Tompkins, under the direction of Mr. Slumpkins, the talented principal of the Pugwash academy."

The commotion into which the Centre people were thrown upon receipt of this startling intelligence, can, as the newspapers say, better be imagined than described. Never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, had there been witnessed such a putting on and off of bonnets, such a running to and fro, and dodging in and out of neighbors' houses, and before the first number of the Pugwash Independent had been delivered two hours, the whole matter had been thoroughly "talked over" at every house in the Centre.

That the indignation should be extreme, that there should have been a general uprising of female hands, and that "Well I never!" and "Who'd have thought it!" should form the staple of their remarks, is not more than might have been expected, when it is considered, that of all the Centre girls, not one had received an invitation to join the newly formed society, nor even the slightest intimation that such a society was to be formed at all.

That the Corner folks had stolen a march upon and materially distanced them, was apparent, but if they supposed the Centre girls would quietly acquiesce and pusillanimously submit to be thus driven from the field, I can only say they must have been grossly ignorant of the female character. The upshot of all this running about, "dropping in," and talking over, resulted in the unanimous decision that something must be done, and what that something should be, was to be determined at a meeting to be held that very evening, in the vestry of the Centre meeting house, and the importance which was attached to this meeting may be realized from the fact that gentlemen were to be excluded.

As the appointed hour arrived so did the ladies with unprecedented punctuality, and proceedings at once commenced. The first thing to be done was, of course, to elect a president. Miss Lucy Tompkins proposed that each lady should write the name of some person present upon a slip of paper, and upon examination, the two ladies who were found to have the greatest number of slips should be considered candidates. This proposition was received with acclamation, and Miss Lucy Tompkins unanimously appointed to count the votes. But upon the first ballot a singular state of things was apparent, each lady present was found to have one vote and no more. This result not having been foreseen, caused the meeting to look rather foolish than otherwise; and a new ballot was taken, but with no better success. At this stage of the proceedings, it was proposed that the president should be chosen by lot; but this was at once cried down, as there could be no certainty that the choice might not fall upon the youngest and prettiest girl present; a result by no means desirable, and the balloting being renewed, was continued with such pertinacity and want of success, that it really seemed as though the Pugwash Centre girls were every whit as selfish and longwinded as so many members of Congress.

But the evening was wearing away, and it was evident to all that nothing could be accomplished by the present mode of operations; the meeting broke up into little squads, and a hurried, whispered consultation took place, which resulted in Miss Lucy Tompkins being nominated as the sole candidate, and as that lady was considerably past the "last century," and a fright to boot, she was unanimously elected president; and uncommonly well she filled the office, maintaining the strictest order, and never, upon any pretence whatever, allowing more than half the members to speak at the same time.

The business of the meeting now proceeded with great rapidity, the president appointing the various officers; treasurer, Miss Mary Tompkins, secretary, Miss Jane Tompkins; and business committee, Miss Lucy, Miss Sally, and Miss Nancy Tompkins. These offices being filled, the president announced the meeting ready to proceed to business, whereupon every lady present sprang to her feet and addressed the chair in good parliamentary style. The president decided that Miss Kate Tompkins had the floor; whereupon such a scene of uproar ensued, that she was forced to rescind the decision, and Miss Mary Jones was declared to be entitled to the floor, and an excellent use she made of it, too; being with difficulty induced to resign it, after an immensely rapid speech of nearly an hour's duration. The limits of this paper will not allow me to give a verbatim report of the whole proceedings; let it suffice, that, however much might have been said touching the depravity of the Corner folks, in the afternoon, not so much as one word was spoken concerning them *directly*, at the meeting; but a string of resolutions were adopted without a dissenting voice, of which the following is a portion:

"*Resolved*, That however praiseworthy it may be for a certain class of individuals to associate themselves together for the purpose of alleviating the physical sufferings of the poor, yet, it is undeniably the bounden duty of those whom a beneficent Providence has blessed with superior intellectual endowments, to provide for the mental wants of the poorer classes; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the young ladies of Pugwash *Centre* hereby form themselves into an association, for the promotion of useful knowledge; to be called the Pugwash Centre Library Association."

Half a dozen other resolves, and a long string of names disfigured the remainder of the paper; and a copy having been sent to the Independent, it was filed away in the society archives, when the meeting adjourned; and having adjourned, business commenced in good earnest. Huddled about the stove, no end of vials of wrath was poured out against those "good for nothing things," the Corner girls, whose odious pretensions were not to be borne any longer. "*They* think to get the start of the Centre girls, indeed! not one of them should have anything to do with the library, if they wanted to ever so much; and they *would* have a library, too, something that was worth a name, not a little two-and-sixpenny sewing circle concern. If the Corner girls only knew it, they couldn't have got *them* to join them, no, not if they had gone down on their knees to 'em." And indeed it did seem as though something above the ordinary was about to transpire. The next day, every house in the Centre was despoiled of its books, to such an extent, that I am convinced not so much as a last year's directory could be found outside the vestry room, where the library was established. All day long books kept pouring in at a wonderful rate, while the young ladies arranged them on temporary shelves, and compiled catalogues. There were thirteen copies of "Fox's Book of Martyrs," at least a hundred arithmetics, and absolutely no end whatever to obsolete geographies, besides other standard works, making in all, no despisable show. A subscription in the hands of some of the prettiest girls, speedily procured a sum amply sufficient to defray the expense of fire and lights.

A deputation waited upon Mr. Slumpkins, to request his advice and assistance; which it is due to that gentleman to state, was cheerfully complied with.

A flaming editorial appeared in the Independent, predicting for the new library a career of success second only to the most celebrated institutions of the old world. Meetings of the association were held every afternoon and evening. Mr. Slumpkins was almost constantly in attendance, and presided at the meetings; and considering its late origin, the society was pronounced something wonderful by every reflective person in the county. To be sure, no one ever read the books; but what of that? the society only proposed to furnish the books; not to provide the masses with a literary taste, ready made. For a time, the library carried everything before it; the sewing circle was completely cast into the shade. It was in vain they paraded the good they were doing; the number of garments made and distributed. Even the account published in the Independent, of a warm overcoat sent to a little negro boy on the coast of Guinea, failed to create any excitement whatever; and but a transient feeling was excited by the letter of acknowledgement received from the little Lapland girl, whose father ties his reindeer to the north pole, for the delightful lace under-sleeves so kindly presented. Nay, they even went so far as to adopt the unprecedented plan of distributing charities in their own immediate vicinity. This plan, so startling from its novelty, would undoubtedly have succeeded but, unfortunately there is a most absurd scarcity of poor people in Pugwash.

The sewing circle party was in despair, nothing but a miracle could restore them to their former importance. And a miracle—though by no means an uncommon one, did interpose in their behalf. Mrs. John Smith, the washerwoman, whose husband luckily, is in the house of correction this winter, saw fit to add to her already large family of small children, one still smaller than any of the rest. Nothing could have been more opportune, the Corner girls were in ecstasies; the excitement was intense; the sewing circle met daily. It would have done your beautiful and expressive eyes good, as the saying is, to have seen the incredible quantity of miniature garments cut out, basted, and made up at the house of Mrs. Jenkins Tompkins. Little flannel articles with sleeves, and a length out of all manner of proportion to the width, were made by the score; little caps, with little ruffles, palpably of no earthly use whatever, and numerous other little things, of which I don't know the name, and don't want to, were turned off with the most lavish profusion, not to mention little striped stockings, which were knit in such numbers, that I am convinced there would have been no lack, if the child's feet should grow no bigger from this moment until the allotted period of threescore years and ten are completed. Besides all this, deputations of twos, and fours, and sixes, visited the scene of action incessantly with "comfortable things," when there would occur such a mixing up, and tasting of little messes in little tin cups, such a kissing and dearing, such a rocking and tossing, and trotting and pinning, and tying, such a talking, and giggling, and exclaiming, that the unfortunate scion of the house of Smith must have been very comfortable indeed, or very much the reverse. Nothing in fact was spared that could in any way bring notoriety to the society. Godfrey's Cordial took a decided upward tendency in the Pugwash market. All Pugwash was in a fever of admiration, that is to say, all not connected with the Library Association.

A whole column of the Independent was devoted to the praise of the sewing circle. A vote of thanks was passed by the overseers of the poor. Every grocery in town resounded to the accounts of their doings, and as a final and crowning glory, the pastor of the Centre meeting house expatiated in glowing terms on the praiseworthy and indefatigable exertions of a certain estimable society, in behalf of suffering humanity. A flutter was observed in the pews occupied by the leading young ladies of the society. The clergyman continued his notes of admiration. The flutter increased. Several gentlemen rushed to the pews, and half a dozen young ladies, each with a white handkerchief to her face, was led sobbing down the aisle.

The triumph was complete. It was in vain the Centre young ladies giggled hysterically and protested it was "too ridiculous—that they wondered how a young lady *could*." Equally in vain they held meeting after meeting, and passed resolve after resolve; they could excite no interest whatever.

Matters were in this condition, when there suddenly and unexpectedly arrived from the city a couple of young gentlemen, a Mr. Jinx, and his friend Tompkins, who being natives of the Centre, at once enlisted on the side of the Library Association. In this connection I would state that the malicious report circulated by the Corner folks, that these gentlemen came to Pugwash on the first of January, for the sole purpose of avoiding their creditors, is merely a weak invention of the enemy, as either gentleman is fully able to prove by papers in his possession, that both Tompkins and myself effected a settlement for eleven per cent., some days previous to the first ultimo.

Upon the arrival of these gentlemen, I say, the hopes of the library party began to revive, and a meeting was at once called to devise measures to counteract the nefarious schemes of the Corner people. The meeting was largely attended, and being organized with Mr. Jinx in the chair, the object to be deliberated was stated with as much precision as though there were a single individual in town unacquainted with the whole state of the case. Miss Mary Jones proposed that the number of books should be increased; but was induced to withdraw the motion upon the representation of all the ladies at the same moment, that they had already presented, not only all the volumes belonging to themselves, but also all they could borrow. Miss Somebody-else suggested a festival and dance, under the patronage of the society. But this, although by no means a bad idea, under any other circumstances, would hardly answer in the present case, as the society in their anxiety to present the superiority of intellectual to any mere physical benefits, had laid great stress upon the hideous waste of time incident to any and all kinds of recreation. Numerous other suggestions were advanced, and as speedily rejected as impracticable; when on motion of Mr. Tompkins, the society resolved themselves into a committee of the whole, and under the lead of that gentleman, the ladies clustered round the stove, and commenced eating peanuts, and discussing the important question with great earnestness.

But a trivial circumstance, a casual remark, was destined to bring about the great result, which the combined wisdom of the society sought in vain. Mr. Jinx—as is his wont—withdrew himself from the crowd, and in company with pretty Mary Jones—for whom, by the way, he entertains a sort of sneaking penchant—passed to one of the windows which overlook the lovely valley of the Pugwash; and there, engaged in low-voiced conversation upon that topic, which is at once the silliest and most interesting in the world, this lovely couple looked out upon the night.

"Ah, Aristides," said Mary, addressing Mr. Jinx in a plaintive tone, "do you observe the Ursa Major; that emblem of truth and constancy? How gloriously the glittering constellation beams to-night, in the chill winter sky. How magnificent the path of the dipper, circling forever round and round the polar star. Do you know," she continued, with a sigh, "that I have been wishing I had that dipper full of cider, for I'm very thirsty!"

Mr. Jinx, purely out of politeness, smiled at the conceit.

"Do you think," she continued, in a dreamy tone, "that the bright beings who inhabit those celestial orbs know how to make cider? Or, to pursue the inquiry still farther, have they any inhabitants at all?"

Mr. Jinx made no reply at the moment, he was plunged in thought. Suddenly starting from the fair creature by his side, he exclaimed, "By Jove, I have an idea!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Tompkins, starting from his seat in amazement.

"O-o-o! what *is* it, Mr. Jinks?" vociferated thirty-nine young ladies, clustering about that gentleman, with intense curiosity—a strange sentiment for the female sex—beaming from their seventy-eight eyes.

"A lecture," returned Mr. Jinx, triumphantly. "A lecture on astronomy. We'll have the great German professor, Herr Nebulous Von Guessabit, with his portable telescope, and planetarium, and diagrams, and all that sort of thing."

The suggestion was received with a squeal of delight. Nothing could be better, and the profound astonishment that it had not been thought of before, put an end to all other business for the night.

The next day, a deputation was sent to the city, to solicit Von Guessabit to deliver a lecture at Pugwash; that profound astronomer and scholar snapped at the offer. Vast placards announcing the lecture were stuck up in more than twenty places about the town; new seats and a stage were at once placed in the vestry; crowds of boys gathered round and peeked into the windows. The Centre girls rushed hastily from one part of the town to another, without any definite object in view. The selectmen looked solemn and important, without precisely knowing why, and the whole town in fact wore an aspect something between a fourth of July and a fast day.

It was in vain the sewing circle party affected to sneer at the whole thing; public attention was aroused, a lecture was a new thing, Mrs. Smith and her family affairs were not. At length the eventful day arrived. The professor's telescope came in a box; the planetarium in another box, the diagrams in more boxes, and last of all came the professor in a dirty shawl.

The house was packed to overflowing, a large number of the Corner people, even, were unable to withstand the temptation. The professor mounted the stage; the excitement was intense, he coughed, the excitement increased; he blew his nose, the applause was tremendous. He was a Dutchman, of striking figure, four foot one, by three feet eleven and a-half. He had been but a short time in the country, it was with difficulty he could be understood. He informed them that the sun was the centre of the solar system, that the planets were also included in the solar system, that the sidereal heavens "vas sumping else." The applause was unbounded; how could they be otherwise than gratified to find the opinions of such a celebrated man agree so well with their own?

He went on still further, he explained that although light travelled much faster than a horse can trot, still, it would take ever so long to get from somewhere to somewhere else; the audience opened their eyes in amazement. He instructed them also upon the subject of comets, and intimated that in five hundred million years one of them would come within the earth's "orbeat," when we might expect chaotic destruction and universal smash. Several old ladies, at this point fainted away, and with a good deal of tussling were ejected from the room. He arranged and directed his telescope, and it was not until several young ladies had stood upon their extremest tip-toes, and looked into the tube with many exclamations of delight—that it was discovered the cap had not been removed from the object glass. Many other things were done and said, in such a novel and delightful style, that upon the close of the lecture, the professor was invited, by the unanimous voice of the meeting, to repeat the lecture at an early period; to which request he unanimously replied, that he "should vos be mush oppy to do so's."

The sewing circle party could not throw ridicule upon the lecture, the most they could say was, that as much might be got from books; and indeed they were right; but what comparison can there be between reading of the moon, and hearing a verbal account from the man in the moon himself!

At the present time, they are putting forth strenuous exertions to bring the circle again into notice; but fate appears to be against them; Mrs. Smith's child has got to be an old story, and Mrs. Smith herself is even better than could have been expected. As for other poor persons, there never was known such a time; it really does seem as though, if things keep on their present course, Pugwash must eventually become depopulated.

On the other hand, the library association flourishes in full vigor; a new telescope nearly two feet in length has been purchased, through which the moon can be seen almost as plainly as with the naked eye. Astronomical works in great numbers have also been bought, and studied, too, to such good purpose, that call upon any young lady you may, in the whole Centre, and she will forthwith give you her ideas upon the nebulous theory, or about the supposed great central sun, in a manner to put all your pre-conceived notions into the shade.

Such is the present state of affairs in Pugwash; but from the increased activity of the sewing circle party, I am inclined to believe that something of immense importance is on foot; as yet all is shrouded in mystery, but coming events will be watched by many anxious eyes, for the present course of proceedings must inevitably result in a division of that ancient town.

A PRESENTIMENT AND ITS FULFILMENT.

About two or three years ago, a young lady, resident of this village, who at the time was in the full enjoyment of good health, was visited one night at her bedside (as she affirmed at the time) by an apparition, who in solemn accents informed her that at the age of eighteen she would be an inhabitant of another and a better world. She made the incident known to her mother, who vainly endeavored to erase the circumstance from the mind of her daughter by treating it as the hallucination of a dream. The daughter, however, averred that she was in possession of her faculties and wide awake at the time of receiving the spiritual visitor; and such was the effect it had upon her mind, that from a girl full of life and glee, she became thoughtful and reserved, and gradually sunk under its depressing influence, until during the past year she became a tenant of our village grave-yard at the age of eighteen.—*Kinderhook Enough Notes.*

News Glances.

Skilful Surgical Operation.—At Balaklava, a private of the Fifth Dragoons had a piece of his lungs pulled outside his breast by the lance of a Russian. On coming under the care of Dr. M'Culloch, it was considered advisable to cut off a portion of the lung, which was skilfully performed, and the man has recovered.

Boots and Apples.—Three hundred and twenty-five out of the small population of Rowley, Mass., are in the boot and shoe business, manufacturing two hundred thousand dollars worth annually. There are eight thousand five hundred apple-trees cultivated for their fruit in the same town.

Good News for the Poor.—Provisions are going down. The "good time coming" is, in some respects, about at hand. Flour is receding in price, even at this time of the year, and the prices at which many standard groceries have been held are no longer tenable.

An "Ancient Mariner."—During a late rise in the Alleghany River, there came down on a raft to Pittsburg, from Warren county, Pa., one Michael McKinney, aged ninety-seven years. He says he piloted the first log raft from Warren to Pittsburg, sixty-eight years ago.

Famine at the Cape de Verds.—The editor of the Portsmouth (Va.) Transcript has been informed by Dr. Barclay, of the U. S. ship Dale, that the inhabitants of San Antonio, Cape de Verds, numbering about 30,000, are actually in a state of starvation.

The Hide Trade.—The number of 360,154 hides were received at Salem during the past year—chiefly from Africa and South America,—and 22,445 loose goat and sheep skins, besides 534 bales, 288 bundles, 7 casks, and 8 packages of the same.

A young Desperado.—A boy, sixteen years old, has been committed to the House of Refuge in Baltimore, for having stolen his mother's jewelry, broken her furniture, and, finally, for having attempted to stab her.

Economy in Beating Carpets.—When you purchase your carpets, take care to buy one that is infinitely superior to all the rest; for such a carpet will beat every other carpet you have in the house.

Webster and Franklin.—It is stated that the statue of Webster will probably be erected at the east end of the old State House, and the statue of Franklin in front of the City Hall, School Street.

Honorable.—George Peabody, the American banker, entertains such of his countrymen in London as are properly presented to him, in a spirit of liberality that does him honor.

"Good Wine needs no Bush."—Bushes of evergreen, such as ivy, cypress, etc., were anciently signs where wine was sold. Hence the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush."

Steam Fire Engines.—The citizens of Chicago have been making trial of a steam fire engine, and esteem it one of the greatest inventions of the age.

Winter Advice to Young Ladies.—Thin shoes lead to damp feet; damp feet bring on a cough; a cough may terminate in a coffin.

THE FLAG OF OUR U

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIET

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WORK FOR ALL.

The Newport Mercury says:

"There are hundreds of lazy loafs every town and city, who might earn livelihood in the West, and lay up s against a rainy day; but instead of go there is really work to do, they for round their old resorts, sigh over their tunes, and complain that no one is give them a helping hand. The truth the number don't want to be helped, have got to work for what they get. In the case that an able-bodied man nee long in this country, and where they complaining, depend upon it that, in out of ten, there is 'something rotten mack.'"

There is far too much truth in the al gestive paragraph. What are termed tions are too frequently the consequ faults. There is, of course, a vast agg human misery which is chargeable t count of necessary evil, which is neit duced by the individual sufferers, nor ca ended by them, but can only be miti public or private charity. In every g there are hundreds and thousands of re less beings, who must be helped by perish. But there are also, in every g ley, Mass., are in the boot and shoe business, manufacturing two hundred thousand dollars worth annually. There are eight thousand five hundred apple-trees cultivated for their fruit in the same town.

There are genteel loafers, who live by landlords, and borrowing little sums in every direction, because they happen long, perhaps, to some aristocratic (Hea the mark!) family, which family would trically disgraced if they, its glorious scendants, resorted to honest labor to livelihood. These "blighted beings" in bemoan their hard fate, impiously rail Providence, and turn up their noses at t nse who obtain the comforts and luxuri by bravely working for them. Yet th scruple to borrow money of a *parvenu*, joy his hospitality, and then sneer at hi his back. Then there are men who p lives as genteel paupers, because they ... sticking to some calling for which they aptitude, or which has ceased to pay a ... turn. Others there are who cling to ... and endure suffering there, rather than to a strange place, where work is plen wages high. This is a sort of sickly s talism, unworthy of a man.

Fortunately, all the cases we have m are exceptional. This country would n great and glorious land it is, were not i hand-working, many-sided, and also m They know well enough that Provide given them a broad and exhaustless fi bor. All the raw material for comfort tence and wealth are here; but the mine worked. Diamonds and gold do not spontaneously to the surface; they must ed for and won by severe labor. In t populated and task-burthened countries old world, where the many in possess few individuals, there is an excuse for beggars and genteel paupers; but in th try, no such apology exists. Only phys mental disability exempts a man from his share—either by handiwork or brain in society, and thus earning a right to li

Winter Harvest.—The New York of Commerce says that there is now in the ice business, in all parts of the United between six and seven million dollars; number of men to which it gives empl during the winter months, is supposed from 8000 to 10,000.

Profitable.—The contractors in the ... army have a profitable business. Some ... clear $300,000 a year. One man who fo ... fodder for horses, made the sum of $230 ... first year of his contract.

Temperance.—A new temperance mo... has been lately made in this city. The ... moral suasion, and total abstinence is to ... watchword.

Mortality.—Ten thousand persons ... cholera in Venezuela, in four months.

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"There are hundreds of lazy louts in almost every town and city, who might earn a decent livelihood in the West, and lay up something against a rainy day; but instead of going where there is really work to do, they forever hang round their old resorts, sigh over their hard fortunes, and complain that no one is willing to give them a helping hand. The truth is, half of the number don't want to be helped, if they have got to work for what they get. It is rarely the case that an able-bodied man need be idle long in this country, and where they are found complaining, depend upon it that, in nine cases out of ten, there is 'something rotten in Denmark.'"

There is far too much truth in the above suggestive paragraph. What are termed unfortunates are too frequently the consequences of faults. There is, of course, a vast aggregate of human misery which is chargeable to the account of necessary evil, which is neither produced by the individual sufferers, nor can be remedied by them, but can only be mitigated by public or private charity. In every great city there are hundreds and thousands of really helpless beings, who must be helped by others or perish. But there are also, in every great city, hundreds and thousands who are dependent on others simply because they will not help themselves—hundreds and thousands "too proud to work, but not to beg ashamed."

There are genteel loafers, who live by bilking landlords, and borrowing little sums of money in every direction, because they happened to belong, perhaps, to some aristocratic (Heaven save the mark!) family, which family would be irretrievably disgraced if they, its glorious representatives, resorted to honest labor to obtain a livelihood. These "blighted beings" invariably bemoan their hard fate, impiously rail against Providence, and turn up their noses at the *parvenus* who obtain the comforts and luxuries of life by bravely working for them. Yet they don't scruple to borrow money of a *parvenu*, or to enjoy his hospitality, and then sneer at him behind his back. Then there are men who pass their lives as genteel paupers, because they persist in sticking to some calling for which they have no aptitude, or which has ceased to pay them in return. Others there are who cling to one spot, and endure suffering there, rather than remove to a strange place, where work is plenty, and wages high. This is a sort of sickly sentimentalism, unworthy of a man.

Fortunately, all the cases we have mentioned are exceptional. This country would not be the great and glorious land it is, were not its people hard-working, many-sided, and also migratory. They know well enough that Providence has given them a broad and exhaustless field of labor. All the raw material for comfort, competence and wealth are here; but the mine must be worked. Diamonds and gold do not spring spontaneously to the surface; they must be toiled for and won by severe labor. In the over-populated and tax-burthened countries of the old world, where the soil is in possession of a few individuals, there is an excuse for sturdy beggars and genteel paupers; but in this country, no such apology exists. Only physical and mental disability exempts a man from doing his share—either by handiwork or brain-work—in society, and thus earning a right to live.

PERFUMES.

The use made of perfumes now-a-days is extremely moderate compared to the practice of antiquity; these sweet emanations are prepared with skill, and, with a few rare exceptions, they are composed of delicate elements and almost imperceptible substances. It is an advantage we possess over ancient chemistry, all of the secrets of which modern science possesses. In the seventeenth century, an unwarrantable use was made of perfumes. More than one beauty owed her death to a poisoned bouquet. Historians have analyzed for us the favorite perfumes of Aspasia and Cleopatra; those with which Judith moistened her tresses to influence the senses of the ferocious Holofernes; and the subtle odors employed by the dames of the court of Valois, to give full force to the magic of their charms. We have seen in a receipt-book, a "perfume to counteract melancholy and hypochondria," said to be potent enough to dispel the darkest gloom. It is well known that some of the most popular perfumes have a pernicious effect upon individuals. There are those who—

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain."

A young lady of very delicate nerves was one evening expatiating on her horror of the rose. "This fatal flower," she remarked, "always gives me a vertigo." At this moment a young friend of hers entered with one of the fatal flowers in her head-dress. The young lady fainted, and her friends reproached the new comer with being the cause of it, and explained the reason of the syncope. "Is that all?" said the maiden of the rose. "If so, I will sacrifice the guilty flower. But judge before you sentence." The rose, detached from her head-dress, was passed from hand to hand—it happened to be an artificial one!

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually spent upon perfumes. Perhaps the most popular of all is the famous *Eau de Cologne*, manufactured in a city noted for its disagreeable odors. The effluvia of the Rhine at Cologne is an unpleasant as that of the Thames has recently been at London, which gave rise to the following epigram:

"The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne,
But say, ye nymphs, what power divine
Can ever wash the river Rhine!"

THE ABOLITION OF SERFDOM.

It now appears to be a fixed fact that the system of serfdom, or white slavery, is to be abolished in Russia. The measure was prepared by the Emperor Nicholas; but it was not decided whether the emancipation should be gradual or instantaneous. The Emperor Alexander pronounced for general and simultaneous emancipation. He did not come to this decision until, according to custom, he had consulted the Imperial council, and listened to the observations of the nobility and the great proprietors. It is believed that an ukase, relating to this subject, will soon be promulgated. The nobility, in general, have shown themselves favorable, or resigned, to this measure; considering the emancipation of the serfs at this time more favorable to them than their retention in servitude. The dearness of living, and the necessity of supporting a large portion of their serfs, tend to produce this result. The Emperor Alexander is very desirous of attracting German colonists to Russia, and thus turn aside the tide of emigration that has hitherto flowed to this country.

Macaulay.—The London Times is startled at finding that the two new volumes of Macaulay, of sixteen hundred pages, only gives the history of England for eight or nine years. After citing the author's announcement that he intends to write his history "down to the time within the memory of men still living," the Times asks whether he can fulful his promise? or whether he will leave as "a fascinating fragment, a splendid but convicting proof of his hopeless volubility."

Hanging in Kentucky.—The Paris (Ky.) Citizen, in noticing the hanging of one Solomon Smith, for the murder of his father, says it was the third execution in the county within the last thirteen months, and fully illustrated the positive evils of public executions. Instead of producing a subdued, solemn and thoughtful state of feeling, it seemed to be the occasion of drinking, merriment and riot.

The Three Doctors.—When Dumoulin, one of the most distinguished of the faculty of Paris, was dying, his bed was surrounded by some of the most eminent physicians, who deplored his loss. "Gentlemen," said Dumoulin, "be consoled. I leave behind me three of the greatest practitioners in the world—Drs. Water, Exercise and Diet."

Lottery.—The State of Maryland derives an annual income of $21,000 from lottery licenses, but the Legislature has wisely provided for the extinction of the whole system in that State, after the expiration of the term for which the present lottery grants were issued.

Dr. Boaden.—The celebrated Dr. Boaden was found dead in his bed. A brother physician, on learning the event, remarked: "Death was so afraid of him that he was obliged to take him in his sleep."

Opera.—Our "fat friend," Tedesco, whom Bostonians so well remember as the star of Martí's Havana Troupe, at the Howard, has been immensely successful in opera at Paris.

An old Sexton.—Mr. Israel Packard, of Bridgewater, Mass., who has officiated as undertaker for nearly half a century, died lately in his native place.

Temperance.—A new temperance movement has been lately made in this city. The plan is moral suasion, and total abstinence is to be the watchword.

Mortality.—Ten thousand persons died of cholera in Venezuela, in four months.

Axiom.—The wisest are not always wise.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The American line of steamers on Lake Ontario has been withdrawn for the season.

There are two hundred and twenty-five convicts in the Kentucky State Prison.

Mr. Ericsson wont give up his caloric machine—keeps "screwing of her up."

The Wesleyan Methodists of England have sent missionaries to Spain.

Milton says "a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit."

The late revolution in Mexico has not brought peace to that republic.

There is a heavy crop of Austrian vice-consuls in the United States.

The great saint, Interest, rules the world with an iron rod.

It takes two thousand years for a current gold coin to be worn out.

They make boots by machinery at Troy, N. Y. Good souls!

The city police of New Haven are henceforth to carry pistols.

If you do good, forget it; if evil, remember and repent.

Sleighing is good sport for men, but *killing* for horses.

It is almost a pleasure to fall, if you know how to get up again.

The Louisville Journal is twenty-five years old. Good old paper!

The hunchback does not see the hump on his shoulders.

A runaway horse in New York lately leaped over a sleighing party without hurting them.

Large apartments and large heads are not always the best furnished.

A codfish for breakfast and an India rubber coat will keep a man dry.

Where twenty persons have stomachs one has brains—the butcher thrives, the printer starves.

Bachelors and men with mustaches are to be taxed five dollars each in Tennessee.

THE RETURN OF THE VICTIMS.

Large bodies of troops, whose term of service has expired, together with others recalled for various reasons, have returned to France from the Crimea. A day was set apart for their reception in the capital, and on that day all but the bedridden either turned out in the streets or appeared at the windows to witness the defile of the warriors. The display was as brilliant as a military government and a military people could make it. Banners waved, music sounded, the roar of drums echoed among the lofty buildings, a forest of bayonets reverberated the sun's flashes, and column after column moved on with proud, elastic steps. But alas! in the midst of this pageant were men on whom war had set its life-lasting seal;—cripples on crutches; men, whose eyes and jaws had been shot away, ghastly fragments of humanity, sad victims of the ferocity of the rulers of the earth! Here rode a general with a deep gash on his face; there another, whose arm had been amputated. Such is the grisly aspect of war seen close at hand—of war, that infernal game, at which kings are the players, subjects the counters, and blood and life the stakes.

A MAN OF COURAGE.

Captain Barnabas Wilkins was as great a blusterer as Bobadil! He was very quarrelsome, but he could never be made to answer for his insolence. One time a comrade, whom he had offended, ordered him to choose his weapon—"the sword or pistol at thirty paces." "Very well," said Captain Barnaby, "I'll choose the sword at thirty paces!" Once he was brought on the duel ground. "Surrender!" he called out to his antagonist, in tones of thunder, though he shook like a leaf. "Never!" retorted his enemy. "Then I'll be more generous," said Captain Barnaby; "I'll surrender myself!"

Interesting to Snuff Takers.—The Snuffocket Patriot says an inveterate snuff taker in that town, who had made repeated unsuccessful attempts to break off the habit, applied to the "spirits," who told him they could cure him of his habit. He avers that the desire for snuff soon left him, and he has used none for upwards of twelve months. This is the most utilitarian act we have seen attributed to the "spirits."

A Memorial Church.—The New York Express states that the ladies of that city who have taken in hand the matter of building a monument to the late Bishop Wainwright, in the form of a church, with seats perpetually free, are gradually but surely succeeding in their pious endeavors. Sufficient funds have been procured to purchase a lot for the proposed church, which is to be called the "Church of St. John the Evangelist."

Dunning.—A person who repeatedly solicited the payment of a bill, was lately arrested in this city as a disturber of the peace. Hon. Mr. Richard Swiveller would have rejoiced had he been able to throw himself on the protection of the law in similar circumstances.

The Profits.—The profits on Dickens's novel, "Bleak House," are said to have been $65,000. Now don't everybody try to write on Bleak House. Few of the imitations of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" have paid for ink and paper.

Mdlle. Nastier Didier.—Opera-goers were enthusiastic in their praise of this charming singer and actress, during her late performances at the Boston Theatre.

Matrimonial.—Fanny Elsler is now the wife of a wealthy German butcher, and Cruvelli, the lady of Baron Vigier, a dapper little French nobleman. *Sic transit*, etc.

New York Chamber of Commerce.—This institution is older than the republic, having been established in 1758.

Delicious Fare.—The army in the Crimea are regaled with India rubber sausages.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Mr. Baker's Domestic System," a story by Mary E. Robinson.

"I would not bid Farewell," lines by Frederick J. Keyes.

"The Black Saddle Mare," a tale by Horace B. Stanford.

"The Bandit Chieftain to his Steed," stanzas by Blanche D'Antoine.

"Sweet Cecile Lisle," a poem by Willie E. Pabor.

"Real Life," a story by Mary A. Lowell.

"Earth's Light and Shade," stanzas by M. W. Curtis.

"A Lesson for Borrowers," a sketch by Mary L. Meany.

ILLUSTRATIONS

An appropriate engraving, illustrating St. Valentine's Day.

Cathedral of St. Giovanni, at Turin.

City of Genoa, from the Piazza del Aqua Verde.

Palace of the Senate, at Turin.

A large, artistic engraving, representing the deck of the U. S. Frigate Constitution, just as she was going into action with the British Frigate Guerriere, August 19, 1812. This magnificent picture covers two entire pages.

Portrait of John G. Gilbert, of the Boston Theatre.

Representation of a Locomotive breaking through a Snow-Drift, at Wellington Hill Depot.

The Miller of the Dee, a delineation of a popular English ballad.

☞ BALLOU'S PICTORIAL is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

The new line of railway from Vienna to Raab was opened to the public on Christmas morning.

In Europe, thistle heads are getting to be used, as a substitute for rags, in the manufacture of paper.

Mdlle. Taglioni has quitted Vienna for St. Petersburg, after a stay in the former capital of two months.

Shipbuilding on the Clyde is very flat. In Greenock no fewer than 600 men have been paid off by three establishments.

The Danish Sound Dues Congress has proved a decided failure, Sweden being the only state who has sent a commissioner.

The king of Sardinia has sent presents to several naval officers at Portsmouth, in commemoration of his visit of last year.

Gen. Kovalevski, the Russian commander, has died at St. Petersburg from the effects of the wounds he received at the assault upon Kars.

Fourteen hundred services have been conducted by the open-air mission in London the past year. The average attendance was about fifty.

The tone of the English and French journals seems to point to the dissolution of Turkey. Already it is a common joke in Constantinople, that the next sultan will be a Frenchman.

Mr. Rogers, "the banker-poet," is said to have first inducted Lord Lansdowne to take Mr. Macaulay under his patronage, and return the brilliant essayist for one of his nomination boroughs.

The Melbourne people are not half so extravagant as formerly, and many are reducing expenses to meet their business, which is falling away. Rents have fallen at least seventy-five per cent., and many who visited England rich, have gone back poor, in this sudden change.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

He who reckons on his neighbor will go to bed fasting.

The name of the architect who builds castles in the air, is To-morrow; and Hope lays the foundation.

To pronounce a man happy because he is rich, is just about as absurd as to call a man healthy because he has enough to eat. A very common mistake.

To become wealthy—never spend a sixpence for unnecessary objects until you have accumulated that amount over and above your regular necessities.

Byron himself felt the want of sympathy, when he wrote:

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

Providence is like a curious piece of tapestry, made of a thousand shreds, which single, appear useless, but put together, they represent a beautiful history.

One of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give women insinuation and persuasion in order to be surly; it did not give them a sweet voice to be employed in scolding.

All Christian morals may be reduced to the one principle, and declared in the one word—Love. God is love; Christ is love; the Gospel is an exhibition of love; its aim is to transform our whole spirit into love.

No evil is wholly evil. Behind the blackest cloud the sun shines, or the stars. All our trials and sorrows have elements of good in them; hopful features, which smile upon us in gentle reproof of our unbelief and disengagement.

It is not high crimes, such as robbery and murder, which destroy the peace of society. The village gossip, family quarrels, jealousies and bickerings between neighbors, meddlesomeness and tattling, are the worms that eat into all social happiness.

Joker's Budget.

Did you ever see anything walk without legs? Yes—a rope-walk.

When will Russia yield to the pressure of the allies? When she can't *bear* it any longer.

The bumps raised on a man's head by a cudgel, are called "*fisical* telegical developments."

The man who was frightened by the bark of a tree, is supposed to have been of a nervous temperament.

People turn up their noses at this world, as if they were in the habit of keeping company with a better one.

If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh with all your might until she ceases, then—kiss her!

Why cannot a deaf man be legally condemned for murder? Because the law says, no man shall be condemned without a *hearing*.

A banner sign in New Orleans bears the following inscription: "Dr. ——, Surgeon Dentist, is ready to hold any one's jaw but his own."

The best kind of table from which spiritualists may obtain the news of conversing with their departed friends, is thought to be the railway time-table.

Saxe, being rebuked for not keeping a lecture engagement at Albany, recently, wrote as apology, "I had no motive to break the engagement, and every motive except a *loco* motive, to keep it."

"Uncle, has old Mr. Jones joined the Quakers?" "I don't know, indeed. Why do you ask the question?" "Because I heard him using plain language lately." "What did he say?" "He called another man a good-for-nothing, *lying* fellow."

Does Mr. Longfellow intend to justify the action of that "warrior, very angry," who—

"Seized his grandmother and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her,
'Tis her body that you see there."

Quill and Scissors.

According to all accounts, the use of laudanum has now become very prevalent among the female sex of our population. A lady, writing to one of our New York journals, states that she has recently discovered that five of her female acquaintances, belonging to the more wealthy classes in this city, are habitual partakers of it, and that, as a natural consequence, it is fast destroying their mental and physical powers.

The Albany Evening Journal states that the small pox is raging with such violence at Prattsville, in Greene county, that strangers have been prohibited from passing through the village. Nearly every inhabitant of the village was, or had been, down with the disease. Every business place was closed.

When Sir C. Campbell left the Crimea, Marshal Pelissier is reported to have said: "Nothing could have given me greater grief; he was THE MAN of the English army; such was my esteem and regard for him as a soldier that I felt inclined to embrace him whenever I met him."

The largest railroad scale in the world, in actual use, is one built by Messrs. Fairbanks & Co., of Vermont, for the Mine Hill and Schuylkill Haven Railroad, in Pennsylvania. It is one hundred and twelve feet long, and is capable of sustaining a load of a hundred tons.

A great quantity of snow has fallen this winter in the western part of New York. In averages, it is thought, throughout the State, from two to four feet. In Chautauque county the snow is said to be three feet on a level, and in Lewis county, about *four and a half feet*.

There are in the English language 38,500 nouns, 40 pronouns, 9200 adjectives, 8000 verbs, 2600 adverbs, 69 prepositions, 19 conjunctions, 68 interjections, and 2 articles—in all above 40,000 words. According to Webster's dictionary, there are 100,000 words.

Three of Mr. Allen's plants of the Victoria Regia have been destroyed by the succession of storms, the accumulation of snow upon the glass, the cold, and the short and cloudy days. The two plants remaining are in a very dubious condition.

P. T. Barnum has become involved in financial difficulties in connection with the Jerome Clock Company, according to the Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard, and we have seen it stated that he has put all his property out of his hands.

The bachelors of Cleveland are an ungallant set of fellows. At their annual supper a few nights ago, the following was the seventh regular toast: Our future wives—distance lends enchantment to the view.

The oldest living poets, since the death of Mr. Rogers, are said to be Walter Savage Landor, born in 1775, Leigh Hunt, born in 1784, and Barry Cornwall (Mr. Proctor), born in 1790.

A young Englishman, named John Taylor, has been arrested in New York, charged with stealing an arm-full of prayer books from St. Thomas's Church. A pious thief

The debt of the city of Baltimore on the 1st of January, 1856, was $13,000,069, exclusive of the floating debt. The finances of the city are said to be improving.

A new county is to be taken from Lincoln county, Me., to be called Knox county, in commemoration of the gallant Gen. Henry Knox, of revolutionary memory.

The Canadians are about to experience the benefit of an extensive lumber trade with France, as one of the results of the Paris Exhibition.

Some decorations of the Legion of Honor have been sent by the Emperor Napoleon to the Crimea, for desuribution in the English army.

The cod fishery in Provincetown harbor has been doing a very good business lately. About 20,000 were recently taken in one day.

During the present session of the Alabama Legislature, there have been about one hundred cases of divorce granted.

The Louisville Journal says the peaches are all killed, and it is likely that the apricots, plums and cherries have shared the same fate.

Peyton Randolph Hayden, one of the pioneer lawyers of Missouri, recently died. He emigrated from Kentucky in 1815.

The maple sugar crop of the year 1855 is estimated by the officials in Washington, in the agricultural bureau, at $2,720,000.

Twenty six locomotives, it is said, have been broken on the Western Railroad during the late cold and stormy weather.

The Cornish woman who, in 1851, walked from Penzance to London to see the Exhibition, died a fortnight ago, aged 88.

A forger, named Lakin, lately swindled the business men of Cincinnati out of $20,000.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Sweeter, Mr. Charles Stevens to Miss Sarah J. Black.

By Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. John Suter to Miss Mary Green.

By Rev. Mr. Rice, Mr. Edward P. Dutton to Miss Julia M. Sleeper.

By Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. Nathaniel H. Sherman to Miss Betsey C. Parker, of Plympton.

By Rev. Dr. Vinton, George S. Sampson, Esq. to Miss Sarah A. D. Phillips, of Mobile, Ala.

By Rev. Mr. Sykes, Mr. Abner Jacobs to Mrs. Nancy Gallaway.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, Mr. Charles W. Fernald to Miss Clara A. Sawyer.

At Cambridgeport, Mr. Henry L. Fuller, of Brooklyn, N. Y. to Miss Emeline L. Gove.

At Melrose, Mr. Thomas T. Sweetser to Miss Elizabeth Davis.

At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carleton, Mr. Jerome Leavitt, of Abington, to Miss Mary A. Green, of Middleton.

At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Bailey, Mr. John B. Reynolds to Miss Julia A. Stisbee, of Providence.

At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. George H. Stickney to Miss Hannah M. Hammond.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Woodbury, Mr. George N. Bird, of West Amesbury, to Miss Emma H. Ward.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Campbell, Mr. Jacob Knight to Miss Isabella McNorton.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Stevenson, Mr. John P. Swift to Miss Ellen T. Foster.

At Hinsdale, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. James White, of Boston, to Miss Cornelia H. Kittredge.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. Seth Lewis, 73, Mrs Abigail L. Hilton, 58; Mrs Mary A. W. Flandere, 35; Widow Mary James, 85; Widow Deborah Tenney, 75; Mr. Francis L. Willson, 31; Mr. Elisha H. Goller, 56; Mrs. Jane C. Saxton, 32; Mrs. Eliza H., wife of Daniel Henchman, Esq., 56.

At Charlestown, Mr Richard W. Hall, 32; Mrs. Mary Tidi, 68; Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Frost, 24.

At Chelsea, Mr. Edwin A. Chard, 26.

At Cambridge, Harriet, wife of Hon. Willard Phillips.

At Somerville, Mr. William A. Russell, 66.

At Brighton, Mr. Horace Haynes, 62.

At Lynn, Mr. William H. Libby, 26.

At Marblehead, Mr. Robert Dodd, 84.

At Dan vers, Mr. Joseph Griffin, 62.

At Gloucester, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Gaffney, 45.

At Newburyport, Miss Hannah E. Jewell, 17.

At Enfield, Mr. Joseph Keith, 86.

At Wendell, Mr. Timothy Armstrong, a soldier of the Revolution, 94.

At Groton, Mr. John G Lawrence, 52.

At Hadley, Mr. Josiah Kellogg, 88.

At Rochester, Mr. Joseph Sennett, 77.

At New Bedford, Mr. Elihu Bowden, 59; Mrs. Hannah L. Fairfield, 57.

At Palmer, Miss Elizabeth Hunt, 94.

At Providence, Mrs. Betsey, widow of the late Major Samuel Jackson, 87.

At Tolland, Conn., Jeremiah Parish, Esq., 91.

At New York, Mr James O. L. Foster, of Scituate, Me.

At Leicester, Livingston county, N. Y., Hon. John H. Jones, 65.

At Savannah, Ga., Elijah Crane, Esq., a native of New England.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A FAREWELL.

BY WM. ROWLAND, JR.

Of thee to think, with thee to rove,
In fancy through the gentle bowers,
That witnessed once our vows of love,
In joyous youth's enchanted hours.

To picture manhood's ardent toils,
By love's endearing looks repaid,
While fancy called her fairest spoils,
To deck thy home's domestic shade.

To think how sweetly thy control
Had soothed the wound that ne'er was unseen,
While griefs that waste the secret soul,
Had passed—perhaps had never been.

To dream of hours forever past,
And all that ne'er again can be,
My best beloved, is this the last,
The only solace left to me.

Silent and sad, I go to meet
What life may bring of woe or bliss;
No other hope can be so sweet,
No parting is so sad as this.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MISCHIEVOUS LETTER.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"And so you do not love me, Annie, and you do love another, and we must part? Well, so be it. But," he added, the gloom clearing away from his handsome countenance, "let it be as friends, dearest—as old friends, true friends;" and, for an instant, his arms were round her, and she felt a light, trembling kiss on her cheek, and then her boy-lover, her old playmate, was gone, and Annie Ellis slowly and thoughtfully passed through the garden, and re entered her father's house, her face pale and sad, and bright tears falling on her hands.

It was very sad to part thus with Harry Wayne, her old school fellow and companion, the sharer of all her childish griefs and joys; very sad to know that he would now leave his home and friends, because that home, once so loved, would now be joyless and distasteful; and Annie Ellis, in the kindness of her heart, wept bitterly over her young lover's disappointment, and almost wished she had not been engaged to Leonard Moore. But her tears were hastily wiped away, and the tangled curls smoothed, and the delicate little collar fastened more carefully; for a messenger had summoned her to the parlor to meet her betrothed.

Leonard Moore was a handsome man; some young ladies had even gone so far as to style him a "magnificent man;" but Annie Ellis did not deal in superlatives, and so when he first became acquainted with their family, and all Annie's young friends went into extacies about him, she contented herself with simply saying that she thought him "very handsome," reserving her other opinions (if she had any) for secret consideration. There could be no denying that the young girl was much struck with the manner and conversation of her new acquaintance, even from their first meeting; but as intimacy displayed his character more fully, she found much to disapprove of in the disposition and opinions of Leonard Moore.

Although possessed of the power of imparting happiness to all around him by the most winning charms of manner and conversation, he yet darkened all his other good qualities by giving way at times to the most unfounded jealousy; a failing that in his youth had rendered him unhappy, and as a man had been the bane of his life. For this great failing, he was indebted to the injudicious training of a young and widowed mother, who fancied she was showing her love for her only child when she forbore to correct faults that consequently grew and flourished, and at last threatened to overshadow his many good qualities.

But Mrs. Moore was blind to these dark spots in her son's character, and so long as he was loving and kind to her, she forgave the selfishness that forbid her to bestow even a kind word on another, and very foolishly imagined that he was too deeply devoted to her ever to think of bringing a wife in to take the place she had always filled in his heart. That he should marry, and bring a young mistress to their beautiful home, was the one great dread of her life; and when, in order to arrange some business transactions, he left Philadelphia, to spend some weeks in New York with a family distantly connected with them, a presentiment of trouble overpowered her, and made their parting a sad one.

In vain Leonard urged her to tell him what secret trouble caused the tears to fill her eyes each time his journey was mentioned; in vain he sought for an explanation of many words she unwittingly let fall. Could she tell him that it was the fear that he would not return as he left her? That ever she met him again, a fair young maiden might usurp the place she had hitherto guarded? But to mention such a subject to one like him would be precisely the course to defeat her own purposes, and she suffered him to depart, consoling herself with the knowledge that her young kinswomen, the Misses Hargreave, were not very likely persons to attract his attention, or win his love. Little did she dream that even while he listened to her parting words, his thoughts were far away, striving to recall a time faded vision of a bright little fairy, who had brought light and sunshine into the somewhat gloomy city mansion, where he had spent his holidays some ten years previously.

Little wonder was it, then, that one of his first inquiries, on arriving at his uncle's, related to this beautiful child, or that he should learn that his exceedingly plain cousins were no longer on terms of intimacy with one, that not even their ill-nature could describe as otherwise than good and beautiful. He lost no time in making Mr. Ellis's acquaintance; was invited to his house, met Annie, and returned one night to his lodgings to dream, not of his mother, but of a fair, young girl, whose blue eyes drooped beneath his earnest look, and whose little hand quivered as he held it for an instant in a friendly good-night clasp.

It was one of Leonard Moore's great faults to act too much on the impulse of the moment, and that impulse led him to make an offer of his hand and fortune to Annie Ellis, just two weeks from the day he first met her. To the girl's parents and friends, this hasty step seemed quite excusable, when it was considered that the young gentleman had but a few days to remain with them, and as it was known that the care of his immense property (of which he had only been in possession a short time) necessitated his immediate return. This last consideration (the property) of course had nothing to do with it; but be that as it may, a willing consent was given by all parties, and preparations commenced for their immediate marriage.

Poor Annie, bewildered at the suddenness of the change in her prospects, kept continually assuring her lover that she was happy, and as continually enforcing her assertion by bursting into tears—an illustration of contentment, that he appeared to think far from satisfactory. But notwithstanding his suspicions to the contrary, the young girl loved him with all the strength of her heart; loved him so well that she wilfully shut her eyes to the fact that he had faults, great faults, and that already she had suffered some pain from his unfounded jealousy. But she was a happy, light-hearted girl of sixteen, and these little troubles were all smoothed over, or driven from her mind; especially after he would come so humbly and entreat her to forgive him, and promise to indulge no more jealous fancies for the future, and then seal their reconciliation with a kiss. How could she remain angry with him?

But these little differences were painful at the time, and she soon learned to study his temper, and withhold anything calculated to annoy him; and consequently she never told him she had an old playmate and companion, who was almost like a brother to her, or that this same companion had made her a passionate declaration of love; or, in fact, that there was such a person in the world. The same feeling induced her to put away several books he had given her in their youthful days, which had his name written in them, much more distinctly than elegantly, between two lines. It also happened that the family never spoke of him; and so when Leonard Moore left New York, he was utterly ignorant even of the existence of such a person as Harry Wayne.

What with Annie's careful circumspection, and the restraint he put upon himself, the last few days of their courtship passed pleasantly enough, and the appointed wedding day rapidly approached; but even now, Leonard experienced dissatisfaction in witnessing Annie's friendly kindness to her numerous young cousins and other acquaintances, who gathered under Mr. Ellis's hospitable roof.

"Annie, I am afraid your friends will think you are leaving them against your own wish, if you give way to such sorrow as you did to-night when your cousin Jane spoke of our journey."

The two were standing before the bright fire in Mr. Ellis's comfortable parlor—Annie, with thoughtful eyes, gazing on the red coals, her hands clasped before her, and her long curls shading her cheek, on which the traces of tears were yet visible. Leonard stood watching her with a displeased countenance, vainly striving to keep back the rising ill-temper that would display itself in his tone, if not in the very words themselves.

"I suppose I am too foolish; but Jane and I have always been such friends, that every time I think of leaving her the tears will come."

And the poor girl tried to smile, while a choking sensation came in her throat, such as some people experience when saying the words "good-by," and the blue eyes, lifted to her lover's face, were glittering with the bright drops forcibly kept back.

"If your friends are so exceedingly dear to you, perhaps you would rather not leave them at all; and if such is your wish, I beg of you not to let any consideration for my feelings prevent your saying so. I am quite willing to make any sacrifice to promote your happiness."

"How can you speak so, Leonard? Why will you misunderstand me? You know I am so young, and have always been so spoiled, that it is painful to leave home and friends where I have been so happy. But if you would always be kind to me, and not get jealous any more, I should not feel it so hard."

There was so much truth and simplicity in her words, and she so evidently felt what she said, that his better nature was touched.

"Forgive me, dear, this once, and I will not distress you any more. Your smiles are so precious to me that I feel inclined to destroy any one on whom their sunshine falls; and my jealousy, as you call it, is but the consequence of my love. So cheer up, dear one, and don't weep any more, or my mother will think I exaggerated when I praised those bright eyes."

And so in obedience to his wishes, she smiled on him again, and soon they were laughing and chatting together quite merrily, seemingly forgetful of the unpleasant scene of a few moments previous, save that, in spite of her gaiety, a little half-smothered sob would mingle with her laughter. Poor Annie, she was but a child!

It was over. The gay wedding guests had all departed, save a few beloved ones, who remained to spend with Annie the last few hours in her old home. The flowers were fast withering, even to the snowy wreath that had hung suspended over the bride's fair head. The merriment and gaiety had departed with the guests, and each face wore an expression of sadness as it rested on the pale countenance of the young bride, who vainly attempted to hide her distress from the over-watchful eyes of her husband. There were many fond farewell words to be spoken, many tokens of affection to be presented, many promises made and returned; and then the carriage was announced to be ready, and she turned to take the last farewell of her parents.

"Bless you, Heaven bless you, my daughter," were the father's words, as he held her to his heart.

"God help thee ever, my darling!" the mother whispered, as Annie laid her head on her shoulder, and clung to her in a last embrace. And then as Mrs. Ellis raised her eyes, and met the dark, unpleasant look that clouded Leonard's handsome countenance, she pressed her child still closer to her bosom, and hurriedly added: "And should sorrow or trouble overtake you, my precious one, come back to your mother's arms; they will shelter you from all danger."

Impatiently Leonard snatched the little hand, and drew it under his arm, as he hurriedly bade farewell to the assembled group; and hurrying his weeping wife down the marble steps, placed her in the carriage, and gave the word to drive on.

They were gone; and then, and not till then, did a fearful doubt dawn on the minds of the parents that they had not studied their daughter's happiness in forwarding her marriage. Each knew the other's thoughts, yet neither could speak the sad foreboding; and so the father went out into the busy city, and avoided his home as much as possible; it seemed so lonely now, that home, when it echoed no longer to the merry voice of his child. And the mother grew very silent and pale, and spent many hours each day in her own chamber; and their house, once so bright and cheerful with gay young forms and happy voices, grew gradually still more quiet, until at last it settled into a sad, gloomy habitation, cheerless and silent. How little comfort could she now take in her beautiful furniture, her velvet carpets, her marble mantels, and her splendid mirrors. The handsome rooms were shut up, the unused carriage grew dusty, and the sleek horses suffered for want of exercise.

It was not until their child was gone, that Mr. Ellis and his wife realized how entirely she had absorbed all their thoughts; how anxious they had been to increase their wealth for her sake; how she, alone, had been the centre of their hopes, their fears, their happiness. Bitterly they repented ever parting with their darling, and the pang was all the sharper from the secret knowledge that they had been dazzled by the splendid fortune of Leonard Moore, and induced to bestow their child on one not calculated to make her happy. But we must now leave the sad parents, and go back again to Philadelphia, at the time Mrs. Moore received her son's letter, announcing his marriage to take place in a week.

Accustomed from his childhood to the most unrestrained indulgence of his wishes, Leonard never, for an instant, doubted that his mother would send back a loving congratulation on what he had informed her, would "insure his happiness." How great would have been his amazement could he have seen that mother fling his letter on the ground, and in the extacy of her rage, stamp on the torn fragments; for Mrs. Moore, at this realization of her worst fears, was almost beside herself with helpless anger. But when the first violent emotions of her indignation passed, she settled into a sullen, silent brooding, prophetic of misery to the intruder, if her countenance was an index of her heart.

Leonard had sent orders for such improvements and preparations to be made for his bride as the time would admit of, and as gold is all-powerful in such cases, a suit of rooms were prepared for her reception, almost fairy-like in their magnificent beauty. The day at last came when they were expected home, and from early morning Mrs. Moore had been busied in a thousand little additions to the apparently finished work; but at last all was completed to her satisfaction, and she proceeded to dress for the coming evening.

With Mrs. Moore this was always a matter of importance, but on this occasion she was unwearied in the pains she took to adorn her somewhat faded but still beautiful person. Her light flaxen hair was skilfully mingled with beautiful braids of the same shade, and the union concealed by an exquisite dress-cap of black blonde, rich pink satin ribbons, and silver flowers and fringe; one of those tasteful specimens of the milliner's handiwork, that middle-aged ladies put on with the pleasant conviction that it makes them look at least ten years younger than they really are.

Her dress was of black velvet, and displayed her slight, graceful figure to the best advantage, and falling in rich, glossy folds to her feet. A collar, and sleeves of the most expensive kind; a sparkling diamond to guard the plain wedding ring; her husband's miniature, richly set, and worn as a brooch; and a lace-bordered handkerchief, held in the whitest and most delicate of hands, completed her costume on this particular evening.

Long she stood before the mirror, after dismissing her maid, and carefully she surveyed each article of her attire, and made such little alterations as showed how anxious she felt about her appearance, then opening a little drawer, she applied some of the contents of a box to her pale cheek, and a tint, beautiful as the heart of a blush rose, soon made its appearance on the ivory like skin. But the sound of a rapidly approaching carriage hastened her movements, and she descended to the parlor to receive the travellers.

Poor Annie, weary and worn out with her journey, and the fatigue and excitement of the last few days, was led, all trembling and bewildered, into the splendid mansion, now to be her home; and as the brilliant light flashed upon her dazzled eyes, she suddenly felt her husband release her arm, and warmly embrace a lady, that, but for his exclamation, she would have judged to be his sister.

Mrs. Moore welcomed her son with such extravagant emotions of joy, that for the first five minutes the young wife stood unnoticed by either; and even when Leonard released himself from the clinging arms that entwined him, and presented Annie to her new mother, the lady appeared so lost in her delight, as hardly to notice the young stranger, who was longing to fling herself upon her bosom. It was not the kind of meeting she had anticipated, and overcome with the many mingled feelings that oppressed her, she turned deadly pale, and sank half fainting into a chair. Alarmed at her illness, the husband summoned her maid, and with her assistance, conducted her to the beautiful apartment designed for herself, where he left her in Rosa's care, while he returned to the parlor to give his mother an account of his recent adventures.

Annie soon dismissed her attendant, and having laid aside her travelling dress, and wrapped herself in a loose dressing-gown, proceeded to take a survey of her new "own room." But soon came the recollection of the comfortable apartment she had hitherto designated by that name, and which, if not so superbly furnished, was gilded by a fond mother's smiles, and lightened by a kind father's blessing.

The young wife sickened at the sight of the splendor that surrounded her; she turned with disgust from the beautiful mirror, with its silver-frosted frame, that reflected her form, standing forlorn and alone, amid all these elegant surroundings. What mattered it to her if she was to dwell in the midst of luxurious grandeur, if her life was to be loveless and devoid of those sweet ties that had hitherto made the sum of her earthly bliss? But then came a better spirit, checking these murmurings, and as she recollected to whose love she was indebted for all these elegant appliances of comfort, she resolutely banished all fears for the future, and with a smile on her lip and a prayer in her heart, laid her head on her pillow to dream of the days when she had played in the garden-walks with Harry and Cousin Jane.

Long after midnight, Leonard Moore entered his wife's apartment. The lamp hanging in the centre of the room shed a soft light around; the fire had burned dim, but a gentle warmth diffused itself over the chamber, imparting a sensation of comfort and repose. With noiseless steps the young man approached the couch, and drawing aside the cloud of snowy gauze that curtained it, gazed long and earnestly on the countenance of his wife, so beautiful in its calm repose.

How strange that with all the love he bore her, no thought of his mother's neglect ever intruded itself! It never struck him that this poor young girl must feel the separation from her own mother painfully; or that while he was engaged in lively conversation with his parent, she had been left alone, or to the care of a servant. None of these things disturbed his mind.

It seemed quite natural that the mother should devote the first evening of their arrival to him; and she looked so young and beautiful, and her conversation had such a charm for him, that for a few hours he almost forgot the existence of his wife. But now he looked in silent joy on that sweet, young face, and bending down to kiss her cheek, softly murmured the words, "my own, my own."

Mrs. Moore retired to rest that night with the pleasing conviction that she had played her part to perfection. Without exciting Leonard's attention, she had offered a most pointed insult to his new wife, and this was but the beginning of her revenge.

Annie Moore soon made the discovery that her mother-in-law looked upon her as an intruder, and not all her husband's kindness could make amends for her disappointment and sorrow, when convinced that such was the case. Her life, outwardly so enviable, was in reality made miserable by ceaseless annoyances, so cleverly contrived that no redress could be obtained, and so effectual in their working that not all her good temper and forbearance could prevent her showing her vexation at times. She knew nothing whatever of their household arrangements, as Leonard had fully coincided with his mother in her opinion, that "his wife was far too young and giddy to be entrusted with such a responsibility;" and the consequence was that Annie found herself in much the situation that a boarder would have been, only that she was not permitted to remain unnoticed in her own room—Mrs. Moore, on various pretexts, continually interfering in its arrangements.

"I am tired of this white drapery," she exclaimed, one morning, some three months after Annie's marriage.

Annie had retired to her room to answer one of her mother's long, loving letters, and annoyed at Mrs. Moore's following her, and still more at her words, she somewhat hastily answered:

"I am not; and until I am, it will remain as it is."

It was the first time she had resented any interference in her concerns, and Mrs. Moore, with a heightened color, left the room in silence, while the wife proceeded to inform her mother how kind her husband was, and how elegant a home he had provided for her; but all the time carefully avoiding any mention of the unpleasant state of domestic affairs, knowing that it would distress her parent exceedingly.

That night Leonard expatiated largely on the kindness of his mother, and informed Annie that she was preparing a surprise for her. "I ought not to tell, I suppose, but this evening she showed me some beautiful straw colored hangings she purchased to-day for our room, and though I do not admire the choice she has made in the way of color, still the kindness of her intention is the same."

His wife made no answer, and Leonard, evidently vexed that she did not express her gratitude, soon left his seat by her side, and his mother coming in soon afterwards, they two entered into a lively conversation, while the wife, unnoticed, stole away to her room to weep over the annoyances of the day. The next day, the gauze drapery, with its snowy satin stripes, was torn down, and the hated yellow hangings put up to replace it.

"You look pale this morning, Annie," said her husband, one day, coming to her, as she stood watching the little birds hopping on the new leaved branches of the garden shrubbery.

He placed his arm fondly round her, and drew her pale face close to his breast.

"Can I do anything to make you look more cheerful, little wife? I fear you do not take exercise enough. What say you to a drive this fine morning?"

She was pining for the fresh air, and envying the little brown birds that could take wing and fly away out into the blue sky without asking permission; her husband's pleasant proposal was therefore received with delight, and she hastened to her room to dress, while he gave orders for the carriage to be brought round. Ten minutes after, he came to her to announce the unpleasant news that they could not go.

"I am very sorry for your disappointment, love," he said, seeing the tears start as she laid down her shawl and bonnet, "but mother says she promised to take Mrs. Saunders and her daughters for a drive this morning, and I was sure you would be willing to gratify her. You know she goes out so seldom."

Annie thought of the seven long weeks that she had been prevented from going out by her step mother's contrivance; but as usual, she made no reply.

"We would go this afternoon, but they are coming back to spend the evening, and of course you would not leave mother to entertain them alone."

And so the bright sunny day passed, as many others had done, and the wife sat alone and read, and re-read, her mother's old letters; and in the evening she did her best to entertain the guests; but they were remarkably unpleasant people, and wouldn't be entertained; and when they went away, she went to rest, feeling weary, unhappy and dissatisfied.

A few mornings after this she asked her husband to accompany her, "to do a little shopping." It was a simple request, and one that wives frequently make; but never having done so before, she blushed, and looked a little confused at meeting the mother's piercing gaze fixed on her face.

"With pleasure, dear," her husband smilingly answered.

"At what time will it be convenient for you to go?"

"Whenever you are ready, little wife."

The mother glanced uneasily at the window, and then said:

"I do not think the day is fine enough, Leonard. You know Annie cannot be too careful of her health, and this wind is very piercing. I am going into town during the day, and can do her shopping for her; for you know I never think anything a trouble I do for my children."

There was so much deceit in this speech that Annie felt her cheek grow hot; but commanding her temper, she quietly replied:

"I have reasons for wishing to go myself, and would not on any account trouble you to execute half a dozen little commissions."

"I do not think it best for you to go," said Mrs. Moore, sharply, for once forgetting her usual caution.

Leonard sat down his cup, and looked at his mother with astonishment.

"If Annie wishes to go out, and I am willing to accompany her, I see no objection to her doing so."

"O no, certainly not, if you wish it; but I think she had better be careful." And Annie met a look that sent a chill over her, and which not even her husband's kind "I can take care of her" could banish from her thoughts.

Since his marriage, Leonard had seemed so free from his jealous ill-temper, that his wife had sometimes felt tempted to tell him the story of her early acquaintance with Harry Wayne; but something always appeared to keep back her confidence, and at last she had given up the idea, when to her great astonishment she received a letter from Harry, enclosed in one from her mother, in which her old friend (presuming, as he said, upon their long acquaintance, had ventured to inform her of the many strange reports he had heard concerning her unhappy life, and beseeching her to at once take courage, and return to her parents, if, as he believed, she was a prisoner in her own house, and cruelly treated by Mrs. Moore and her son.

It was a very imprudent letter, although written with the kindest intention, and she immediately wrote to request her mother to tell Harry that he was quite mistaken in his conjectures, and also to hint to him that she did not wish him to send her any more letters. It was to post this answer that she was so anxious to go out on that particular morning, when she gained her wish in opposition to her mother-in-law's wishes; but though she succeeded, her triumph was short.

She had not left home ten minutes, ere she recollected that a box, in which she kept her letters and keepsakes, was open, and her key in it. It was not worth while to drive back; but still a presentiment of evil oppressed her; realized when, on her return, she hastened to her room to find Harry's letter gone, and also the three books he had given her.

In vain she searched her desk, her drawers, her book-case—they were gone! and she sat down overcome with terror. She then called her maid; but Rosa positively affirmed she had not entered the room in her absence. What should she do? The idea at once struck her to go to Leonard, and inform him of all; for something kept whispering to her, that his mother had the missing letter, and would use it to her injury. Flying down the stairs, she sought him in the parlors and library, and at last she caught sight of him turning the corner of the opposite street, in company with a gentleman. She had no idea at that moment, that her eyes were beholding him for the last time for months, for years, or perhaps forever.

"Never mind, he will soon be back, and then I will make sure of seeing him first;" and so striving to banish her dark forebodings, she went up to her window, and sat down to watch for his coming.

At dusk her maid brought her a note—"he would not be home to tea." She went down and met Mrs. Moore's triumphant glance, and needed no further assurance as to the whereabouts of her letter. To ask her for it would be useless; she could only pray for Leonard's return, and strive to banish her apprehensions.

Wearily the hours passed, while she attempted to beguile them with a book; but ten, eleven, twelve came, and then her eyes closed, the book dropped from her hand, and when her husband's step sounded in the hall below, she was buried in a profound slumber, and heard not the longed-for sound.

Mrs. Moore met her son at the door, and alarmed by the expression of her countenance, he hastily followed her into the library, whither she directed her steps. What passed that night between Leonard Moore and his mother, none ever knew.

At daylight, the next morning, Annie was aroused by the entrance of her mother-in law, who handed her a letter, and instantly left the room. It was a long, closely written epistle; but it needed only a glance to show her he was gone, and with a moan of anguish, she fell back fainting in her chair. Three hours after, a letter was despatched to New York, and these were the contents:

"My mother—you said if sorrow or trouble should overtake me, to come back to your arms. Broken hearted and in despair, I am coming to you for shelter. Will you receive me?"

Mr. Ellis, with his wife and daughter, sat at breakfast one winter's morning, six months after the events occurred of which we have just spoken. It was a very pleasant room, that little breakfast parlor, with its glowing fire, its thick carpet, luxurious looking arm-chairs, heavy curtain—drawn to admit the bright sunshine,—its smoking urn, and delicate china.

Mr. Ellis alternately sipped his coffee, and looked at the morning paper Mrs. Ellis was dividing her attention between her husband and her child; the latter, apparently, engrossing more than her share of the good lady's kind offices. Annie looked very pale and thin, and there was a listlessness in her attitude, a hopeless expression in her eye, and a languor in her every movement, that denoted either ill health, or despairing grief, or both. A more than common shadow was on her brow; for this was the anniversary of her wedding day.

For six long months she had heard no tidings from Leonard; not even a line in answer to her pleading letter to his mother at the time his son was born. The babe was welcomed and rejoiced over by the proud grandparents; but no father was there to bless his first-born son, no husband to cheer the fainting heart of the young mother.

Mr. Ellis had dreaded the return of this day; but, save by her increased paleness, Annie gave no token of emotion, and even answered her mother's questions with some appearance of cheerfulness, to induce her to feel less anxious.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Ellis, dropping his paper, and pushing up his spectacles; "there has been a dreadful fire in Philadelphia. All the C—— Block is destroyed, and that villain's house with the rest!"

"Father!"

"There, there, child, I did not mean to say that before you. But really, this is a shocking affair."

"Where can Mrs. Moore be? How can we get tidings of her?" exclaimed the daughter, excitedly.

"Why, what do you trouble yourself about her for, Annie?" said her father, rather crossly. "I should think you had experienced enough from her ill-treatment."

Mrs. Elsia did not speak, but she looked approvingly at her daughter. She was no longer the vain, worldly woman of the previous year. The daughter said no more; but her questions were answered when the first mail brought a letter from Mrs. Moore's housekeeper, entreating her, if possible, to come to them immediately, as her mistress was lying at the point of death from the effects of fright, exposure, and severe burns.

"You will take care of little Leonard, mother?" said Annie, calmly folding up the note; and in spite of entreaties and persuasions, she persisted in her intention, and the next day saw her at the bedside of the dying woman.

Mrs. Moore looked the gratitude she had lost the power of speaking, but Annie needed no thanks for doing what she felt to be her duty. Her utmost strength was exhausted to render the last hours of her husband's mother as comfortable as constant care and attention could make them; and she was rewarded by knowing that Mrs. Moore's lawyer had written to Leonard, by the dying mother's wish, and from her dictation.

Annie staid in Philadelphia until all was over, and when the last duties were paid to her mother-in law, she hastened home to her anxious friends. There was a long, weary time to wait ere tidings could be received from Leonard, and it exercised all her patience and self-control to bear her anxiety in silent and outward calmness.

Mr. Ellis had such unforgiving feelings towards his son in law, that the young wife shrank from exposing herself to the pain of having him speak of her still fondly-loved husband; and her distress so evidently pained her mother, that she bravely resolved to hide her feelings from them both. The babe was now her greatest comfort, and as she daily traced some new resemblance to the father, so did she indulge in bright dreams of happiness yet in store for her.

Harry Wayne, of course, could not be certain that he had been the cause of Annie's separation from her husband; but from the circumstances that came to his knowledge, he had an uncomfortable conviction that he was in some way connected with it. He left New York soon after Annie returned to her old home, and as no news was heard of him, he was soon forgotten by all but his immediate friends, and those who had sad cause to remember him.

"I am getting very much alarmed about Annie's health," said Mrs. Ellis to her husband, one morning, as she handed him his hat, preparatory to his going "down town."

"I don't wonder; I have been alarmed these three months; she's fretting herself to death about that good-for-nothing Moore."

Mr. Ellis was not in a very good humor this morning.

"I think you had better call on Dr. Johnson this forenoon, and ask him to drop in during the day; as if for a friendly visit. You know she absolutely refuses to have advice."

"I am afraid it is of little use. The doctors can do her no good. I thought once if ever Leonard Moore came back, I would drive him from my doors; but some how that poor child's face haunts me, and I almost wish he would come, if it would make her smile once more."

Mr. Ellis made a great pretence of hunting about the room for his gloves, while Mrs. Ellis turned to the window to hide her tears. Annie's voice startled them both.

She had brought little Leonard down to receive his grandfather's morning kiss, and her eyes sparkled with delight as she noticed how eagerly the old gentleman took the pretty boy in his arms, and with what affection he caressed him.

"He is growing finely, Annie, and Leonard will be proud of his son when he returns."

She thanked her father with a loving glance, and he went to his counting-room feeling repaid for having cheered his daughter's heart by even this slight sacrifice of his prejudice.

"You ought to take more exercise in the open air, Mrs. Moore," said the kind Dr. Johnson. "Your color will then come back, and that languor will disappear. Besides," he added, "your infant will suffer, if you do not soon recover your health."

This was an excellent argument to use, and she promised to comply with his orders.

"It seems so strange to me to go out," said Annie, the next day, as she was tying on her bonnet, and arranging her shawl. "I have staid at home so long that the excitement is quite pleasant, or else I am better to day. I keep thinking something pleasant is going to happen to me."

Her mother made some cheerful answer, and promising to take good care of "baby," she followed Annie to the door, and saw her depart, while something of the same pleasant presentiment came over her mind that her daughter had spoken of.

It was late in the evening when she returned home from visiting her cousin Jane—who, by the way, was now married. She ran up the steps, and not waiting to speak a word to the servant, hastened to the parlor, where an unexpected scene held her speechless, and well nigh senseless, at the door.

In the centre of the room stood her father, apparently in a high state of excitement—and whether in joy or anger, she could not determine. Mrs. Ellis was standing at the end of the sofa, gazing with tearful eyes on a stranger, who, in his turn, was bending over the baby with every appearance of fondness.

For once instant, there was silence—the next, she had rushed forward—and the father's arms enclosed his wife and child!

* * * *

Stories are best brought to a close when all are happy, as happiness does not generally last very long in this troublesome world of ours. It is only necessary to add, that Leonard had received a lesson he never forgot; that Harry Wayne had come home with him on the most intimate terms; that Mr. Ellis would not allow Annie to take her child away. So it was agreed that they should all live together in New York city, which they all did; and now our tale is finished.

WITTY.

A proud parson and his man were once riding over a common, and saw a shepherd tending his flock; having a new coat on, the parson asked him, in a haughty, arrogant tone, who gave him that coat.

"The same," said the shepherd, "that clothed you—the parish."

The parson, nettled at this reply, rode on, murmuring, a little way, and then he bade the man go back and ask the shepherd if he would like to come and live with him, for he wanted a fool.

The man accordingly going to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded, as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool.

"Why, are you going away, then?" said the shepherd.

"No," answered the other.

"Then you may tell your master," returned the shepherd, "that his living cannot maintain three of us."—*Eccentric Anecdotes.*

CRAPE A GRIEF METRE.

An amusing incident happened at a fashionable hat store, lately. Three gentlemen from the country, applying for a veil to be affixed to each of their hats, the shopkeeper inquired of them respectively as to the width of the crape they desired. The first, with a long-drawn face and piteous accent, answered, "It is in memory of my wife; my sorrows are more than I can bear; let the badge of mourning cover the entire height of the hat." The second managed to swallow at least half of his sorrow, and replied: "She was only a sister to me, and the blow is not so severe as to him who has been deprived of his better half; let the crape cover but a portion of the hat, and let it be artistically arranged." But the *sang froid* of the third was inimitable. "O," said he, "she was only a cousin—two or three inches will be quite sufficient!" *Two or three inches of mourning.* What a reflection is it on the absurdities of custom!—*Cleveland Leader.*

DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN.

The crew of the United States exploring ship Vincennes, when off the coast of Kam-chatka, sounded with a line of 7,200 fathoms. The sediment brought up by the lead was placed beneath a microscope, and infusoria were discovered there, but in all probability been alive immediately before they were relieved from the enormous pressure to which they had been subjected by the overlaying waters. Measurements were taken to preserve specimens in alcohol, in order that microscopists of eminence might have reliable grounds upon which to base their opinions as to the vitality of the insects at the time of their capture, and ascertain if the ocean is actually inhabited by living creatures at the depth of a mile below its surface.—*Boston Post.*

THE CALIFORNIA DESERT.

The great desert which lies beyond the Colorada River, in California, is a serious obstacle to travellers journeying by the overland route to California. The trail is strewed with the white bones of cattle and horses, who have perished of thirst by the wayside. The Secretary of War, in his report, states the interesting fact that the recent surveys prove this desert to be much lower than the Colorado River, so that by means of a judicious system of canals, the whole of the large tract might, in all probability, be converted from a dreary waste into a fertile and productive tract of country.—*Ohio Breach.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

OUR MABELLE.

BY TOXE.

Our Mabelle was fair as a lily white,
On which falls at even the sunset light;
And she was dying, we knew too well—
That angels were calling our loved Mabelle.

We were far out at sea. 'Twas in vain she sighed,
To see the green hills, before she died,
Where she was born, where in childhood she played,
Or reclined on the moss, in the forest's shade.

She thought of her home, and the happy past,
She thought of her mother—her tears flowed fast;
For she knew all the sorrow, and anguish, and pain
She would feel, when she knew that her child was lain

In an ocean grave, where the waves murmur low,
And a sweet music make in their ceaseless flow;
Where rare gems gleam, in the dim, pale light,
That comes stealing down from the stars at night.

When the clouds in the west at eve grew bright,
There came in her eyes a glorious light;
But when from the clouds fled the rosy dyes,
Then fled the light from our Mabelle's eyes.

We gave her a grave in the ocean deep,
And Nairds now watch o'er her long, dreamless sleep,
Around thee green sea-weed and coral fair
Has twined the long curls of her golden hair.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

DR. DOT.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

I AM going to tell you a little something about Dr. Dot. He came to Grip Hollow not such a very long time ago, proposing to benefit himself, at least, if not the community in general, by the change of location.

Dr. Dot was not handsome, any more than the writer hereof thinks himself so; for he had a nose quite inclined to puggishness, a heavy double or treble chin—people could never seem to decide exactly which—and glaring, staring gray eyes, with a remarkably low forehead, which he helped conceal as much as he could, by the peculiar pumpkin rind style in which he both docked and brushed his hair. In truth, Dr. Dot was the very last man in the world one would have mistaken for what is popularly known as a "ladies' man."

Besides his face, he was short in stature, with a general contour that *rather* suggested pottishness, so round, fat, sleek and oily was he; so plump and full in the abdominal regions; so stumpy, and lumpy, and dumpy, take him round and round, above and below, and all the way through. And besides, again, he took snuff, a practice which never failed to leave indelible impressions not less on the lip, and finger and thumb, than on the ordinary observers of his practice.

Dr. Dot had begun to get a little business in his way in Grip Hollow, and was considered to be doing pretty well; which meant, that he not only got a fair living, but a very trifle out of it besides. Since his arrival in our little village, he had the good fortune to be the object of a secret partiality on the part of a rich lady, who had never been herself a wife, any more than Dr. Dot had been a husband. She was an old maid, in fact, and an old settler in Grip Hollow. Her inheritances made her a lady, and of course gave her all the time to eat, drink and sleep in, that she wished, and all the loose change she wanted to give away. Now any one would assuredly suppose the attachment of such a person, even if she *was* along a trifle in years, is a thing not altogether to be despised. And it isn't, either, that is, if all other circumstances are equal. But were they?

Why, Miss Sally Butters was just about as well endowed in the matter of *beauty*, as Dr Dot was. She had an awfully hard face, and exhibited some awfully large teeth. And then, again, her hair was not popularly supposed to be quite all her own, if everything else was. And she had hard, white eyes, and a hard expression about her mouth; and a hard, sharp chin; and looked generally hard enough to lend plausibility to the fancy that she might well be ossified all the way through. In thinking of such an organ as her heart, one might secretly wonder if it might not possibly be a large smooth stone! But it would never do to say so!

How Dr. Dot first found out that Miss Sally Butters entertained a hidden passion for him I am sure I am unable to explain, for I never yet happened to know myself; but it is plain that he *was* apprised of it after a time, and that it threw him into a wide ocean of perplexity and doubt. He had been floundering and tumbling about in it for a long time, altogether undecided what steps he ought to pursue. Perhaps it may strike the reader, who of course knows neither of the parties, as something very strange that Dr. Dot was so troubled, when such a favorable chance offered for the permanent establishment of his fortune. Let me explain.

Dr. Dot could go the fortune of Miss Sally well enough—that anybody well knew; for he was remarkably fond of dollars and cents, and a decided penchant for stocks and fat dividends. But Miss Sally *herself* was what chocked his ardor, and made him pause just at the critical moment when he ought to have pushed on and won. If he could only get possession of her money, without *her!* But there was where the shoe pinched.

Miss Sally, however, thinking very probably that no man could be much plainer for a man than she was for a woman, threw up both her hands for Dr. Dot, thought he would make her a capital husband, concluded she would be as good a wife—especially with her pecuniary plum—as any decent man ought to desire, and settled matters generally in her mind, by forming the resolution to set her cap for the little doctor; low forehead, snuff-taking, short figure and all. In other words, to sum up for both sides, Dr. Dot wanted Miss Sally's money without *her*, and Miss Sally wanted Dr. Dot without *his money*. Now the reader is in a fair way to understand it as well as I do myself.

Numerous and ludicrous were the manœuvres Miss Sally set on foot to accomplish her aim. And numerous, too, were the hesitations, hopes, anxieties and resolutions, which alternately tossed into waves the surface of Dr. Dot's mind. I need not think of enumerating them, for the reader would most likely feel better refreshed by being left alone with them over his own imagination. One was dead in love; the other was deep in despair.

Finally, Miss Sally fell sick. She found that sending choice dishes every few days from her own table over to that of the doctor, hardly brought in the return intended; so she thought of trying another expedient, and one that bore directly upon the besieged individual's professional sympathies. And falling sick, she of course ordered a physician; and in thinking over all the physicians she happened to know, who could be found to suit her so exactly as did our little potty friend, Dr. Dot?

So the doctor came. He found her sitting up in a stuffed chair, pillowed and cushioned all around, and taking on as hardly as if she was about to submit to some terrible operation that would require the instruments. She whined and whimpered like a little baby. She wriggled nervously in her chair; and showed dangerous symptoms of hysterics; and laid her head back languidly on the cushions; and put out her wrist to show her pulse, with an air that she certainly meant should be equal to a matrimonial giving away of her hand. Dr. Dot braved the storm manfully, and went through his duties with a self-possession that would have reflected credit on old Abernethy himself, of world-wide fame. He was bullet-proof.

Miss Sally saw it all, and grew alarmingly sicker and sicker. Now she took to her bed, and kept it altogether. She had the doctor about her, almost constantly. She declared that she should die, and sent for the village lawyer. Dr. Dot rather guffawed in his sleeve at her artful devices, but he said nothing in his face. He let things go on after their own and Miss Sally's fashion.

The lawyer came, and a proper number of witnesses with him. There was a will to make, and the village attorney sat down to a little table to draw it up. Miss Sally dictated, being careful that Dr. Dot remained in the room. It was all meant for his special profit and behoof.

"In the name of God,—Amen!" began the lawyer.

"Yes," chimed in Miss Sally, "in the name of God,—Amen. What next, Squire Bottom?"

"Well," said he, "to whom do you intend to dispose of your property, both real and personal? Please parcel it out, and I will commit it to paper, item by item."

She hesitated for a few moments, during which time her eyes were shut as in deep thought.

"*To Dr. Dot!*" said she, at length, opening them very wide again, and looking glaringly about the room. "*All to Dr. Dot!*"

The doctor was a little puzzled, as any man would be likely to be; but he said nothing. Not even did he *weep* his gratitude. Perhaps if he had really believed her life in danger, it would have been different. He might then have shed a few tears, at least, of joy!

Well, and to Dr. Dot was the estate all entailed. Miss Sally looked flushed and fevered as the witnesses were brought into the room to append their names to the instrument, and threw a glance of despair at the little doctor over against her. But he was as adamant. He made no sign. And Miss Sally verily thought now she *should* die.

But she didn't; she got up again. She began to get back her strength. She could walk all about the house. She even went out of doors, and into the street. She got well. But long and long before that day came, she took care to destroy the shamming will with which she had endeavored to make an impression on the sturdy little doctor, willing to rely upon previous dispositions of her property, as certified to in previous documents.

Time and again, now, she threw herself in the way of Dr. Dot, as he was studying him to find out what might be the effect upon him of her intended legacy; but nothing could she get out of him. If he was grateful for her gift—that is, supposing he was ever to get it—at least, he took care not to say that he was. If she had succeeded in working at all upon his tenderer feelings, he kept it as close as a tight padlock, all to himself.

With such a mutual understanding, and secretly agreeing to differ on a subject that was in their thoughts from morning till night, they got along the best way they could for a time, each party hoping that some unexpected occurrence would lead to his or her immediate advantage, but nothing did. Dr. Dot now began to lay away a little something for a rainy day; and as he felt his own accumulations grow heavy in his pocket, he could not help thinking how much weightier they would feel, if Miss Butters would throw her's in beside.

At length they became so intimate as to talk fearlessly to each other on the subject that had before occupied their thoughts. They grew familiar, and spoke of the matter as two men would be likely to discuss the profits and propriety of a business copartnership. Dr. Dot even went so far as to make proposals for the hand of Miss Sally; but it was only on one condition: that the whole of her property should be given over to his control!

Much as Miss Sally liked him, and much as she wanted to get married, too, she thought she never could agree to a proposal like that. She would have been glad to have Dr. Dot, and, what was more, she meant to have him; but she never meant to part with her control over her property. So she was careful not to repulse him by a bluff and decided answer, that would ring in his ears long after it was spoken, but toyed gently with his wish, and answered him hesitatingly and cheerfully. And she toiled him along gradually, like a skilful angler decoying the beauties he proposes to crowd into his wicker creel, till finally he agreed to her proposal. He was so ravenous for her money, that he was willing to forget almost any conditions save one. The proposition of Miss Sally was to the following effect:

"You know, Dr Dot," said she, "that a person hates to say yes or no outright to such a plan as giving up all she's got; so I'll let it stand in this way. Let's make all our arrangements to be married. On the wedding morning I'll give you such an answer as will not fail to be satisfactory. That is all I am willing to say."

Dr. Dot was perplexed, and yet he was eager. So long had he been on this chase now, that he began from his heart to wish it at an end. And after considerable protest, and many imporations, and more hesitancy, he stepped boldly into the trap, and acknowledged himself caught. He agreed to Miss Sally's proposal.

The wedding day came. The minister was there, so were the invited friends. All the morning the doctor had tried to get an answer from Miss Sally about her intentions with her property, but in vain. She evaded him till the very last moment. In the hall, on the stairs, in the parlor, he asked her the all-important question; but no answer was he to get until she was ready to give it. He grew impatient and nervous.

He went with his intended bride to the door of the room where the company were assembled. "Now, Miss Sally," said he, in a whisper, "do you say it shall be mine?"

She looked round at him with much surprise, and answered, "No."

Dr. Dot broke away from her, took his hat from the peg, and went deliberately home. The wedding party broke up in great confusion. Miss Sally, it seems, having once got the doctor into her trap, thought he would not have the courage to escape at such a late hour; but in his pluck, she appeared to have been mistaken. His conduct made her as mad as a March hare; and they are said to be very enraged creatures indeed.

She sent the village lawyer to him, with a threat of an action for breach of promise; and declared that she should obtain for damages, every dollar he was worth, or ever would be. The little doctor began to be frightened. He saw that this peculiar compact between himself and Miss Saly was a secret one, to whose existence no living person could testify but himself, and even he could not show that it was her intention to give him her property at last. He could only say that such was his fatal impression! Besides, he would be sure to have a verdict rendered against him by any sort of jury, and become a term of reproach and derision to all the world, forever. It was a bitter pill, but Dr. Dot had probably made others swallow some of his that were quite as bitter. He hold up his head, and took Miss Sally's physic as bravely as he had seen others take his.

Miss Sally and he were married; but it was not until after an immense amount of scandal had been perpetrated all around Grip Hollow; for country people will talk, and they do love to hear and say the very worst part of every neighbond story that comes along. Dr. Dot was captured, and made a tractable husband. And it was well, perhaps, that Miss Sally had the money she did; for out of this occurrence grew such a prejudice against the sinning doctor, that he lost his practice little by little, and finally was compelled to castle himself with his better half, and do fry the whole community with both silence and contempt. It was well that he had Miss Sally for a consolation, then.

HABITS OF GREAT MEN.

Lord Robert Grosvenor stops all his watches and clocks on a Sunday.

Benjamin D Israel, Esq, generally sharpens his razor on a Sir Miller.

Mr. Bright sleeps in a cotton nightcap. His socks, shirts and sheets are likewise all of cottou. He carries his passion for cotton to such an excess that when he goes to an evening party he will wear none but Berlin gloves.

Mr. Frederick Peel insists upon his tailor always measuring him with red tape.

Sir James Graham, when he receives a letter, cannot help peeping into it first.

Mr. Gladstone cannot eat a prawn without endeavoring to divide it into three heads.

Lord John talks of his children, sometimes, as schedule A, B, C, etc.—*Punch.*

MEDICINE EATERS.

There is no country in the world where the people are so addicted to the medicine-eating propensity as the United States. It has grown to be a perfect mania. The fact is, Nature never designed the human body to be such a receptacle of medicine. If men would study the laws of Nature, diet properly instead of excessively, be regular in their habits, instead of regular in their doses, use common sense and cold water freely, and the doctor as little as possible, they would live longer, suffer less, and pay little for the privilege.—*New York Mirror.*

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ANGEL VOICES.

BY SARAH A. SOWELL.

At the solemn hour of midnight,
When th' world lies calm and still,
Thoughts of other years come o'er me,
And my soul with memories fill.

Then unto my vision cometh,
Robed in dress of purest white,
Troops of angels, whose sweet faces
Seem familiar to my sight.

There is one who was the dearest
That my early childhood knew,
Fondly, tenderly I loved her,
And she loved me dearly, too.

Then a little angel baby
Comes before my thoughtful eye,
Scarce we knew her, ere we lost her,
Sweetest—loveliest—couldst thou die!

When the last pale April blossom
Lingered trembling on the bough,
Sadly to the grave they bore her,
And she comes before me now.

Then the aged ones who tended
Patiently my childish years,
Laid them down in that green valley
Which I watered with my tears.

Unto me was one sweet flower
By my heavenly Father given,
And its fragrance came before me
Like the incense breath of heaven.

Eighteen days I watched its beauty,
In its tender, budding bloom—
Then the angel came and took it
Through the pathway of the tomb.

Upward was their flight to glory,
And my flower bloometh fair
In the bosom of the Father—
Well he loves such buds to wear.

All the long and silent midnight,
Visions come to me—and when
Morning cometh, as I wander
Mid the busy haunts again,

Angel hands are on my shoulders,
Angel eyes are glancing near,
Angel wings are hovering o'er me,
Angel voices in my ear.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE NORTH SEA PIRATE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE incidents of the following story I believe have never yet been printed in any connected form. Many years ago they were mentioned in some of the English papers, but not in such a manner as to convey the whole truth to the people, though one portion of them was widely enough circulated.

For a long while, a daring pirate had infested the North Sea, or as it is otherwise termed, the German Ocean. His name was Gondebald Gower, a Welchman by birth, and naturally of a roving, adventurous spirit. But he had never shown any disposition for evil until his father and two brothers were publicly hanged for assisting in hiding some contraband liquors. From the hour that saw his beloved relatives murdered for so slight a cause, Gondebald became an avowed avenger. He swore that England should have cause to know that a Gower still lived. In the spring after his father and brothers were executed, he fitted out a vessel from some port on the coast of Cornwall, and made his way at once to the North Sea, where he cruised about, evading all pursuers, and intercepting many of the traders to and from Denmark and the Baltic. At the end of a year, his name had become a terror to all traders, and many a merchant refused flatly to send his wares across that sea until the pirate was captured.

It was a brig in which Gower had originally sailed, but many men who had seen him said that he now sailed in a barque, though others swore positively that he still retained his brig. The fact was, he did still keep his brig, but he had a small mizzen-mast which he could step at will. His vessel was about three hundred tons burthen, an excellent sailer, and carried twelve brass guns—eighteen pounders. Gower knew that she was the smartest sailer on the coast when he bought her.

Another year passed away, and finally the pirate's depredations became so frequent and so grave in result, that it was determined by government not to rest until he was taken. He had even gone so far as to cut a richly laden barque out from the mouth of the Thames, which he carried off in safety, and having robbed her of everything valuable, he sent her back.

In the month of August, 1802, two sloops-of-war were fitted out at Scarborough, and their commanders had orders to cruise until the pirate was captured. They were the Lanark and the Simoon. One day, shortly before they were to sail, a man came on board the Lanark and inquired for Captain Forbush, who had command. He was shown into the cabin at the captain's request, and there introduced himself as Capt. George Severn. He said that the pirate Gower had robbed him of all he possessed, and he wished to be revenged.

"If you sail as you are," he said, "you will hardly capture the wretch, for he has as many different shapes for his vessel as there are different vessels afloat. But I know him—I know him by marks which I cannot mistake. Take me with you, and you shall secure him."

Captain Forbush conferred with his officers; and after hearing the applicant's plea once more, it was decided to admit him. He was a tall, handsomely-built man, with a frame very finely moulded and knit together, and with a most prepossessing appearance. He was not far from five-and thirty years of age, and in addition to features as regular and faultless as could be, he possessed an eye which seemed to look through and through the object gazed upon.

It was on the twenty seventh of August that the two men-of war sailed. The Lanark was to cruise south of the latitude of Scarborough, and the Simoon north of that. Not only Capt. Forbush, but the officers generally, were pleased with Severn's company. He was full of wit and anecdote, and also possessed of great knowledge and sound sense. He beguiled many a weary hour for them, and enlivened their social circle.

At length, on the tenth day out, a sail hove in sight to the southward. It was soon made out to be a brig, and the Lanark gave chase. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon. It was not until five, however, that she was brought near enough to see her hull.

"Is it the pirate?" asked Forbush, turning towards Severn.

The latter individual gazed through the glass long and steadily, and with great apparent anxiety, and finally he said, as he lowered the instrument:

"I do not think it is the pirate; but yet I may be mistaken. Those spars are not lofty enough for Gower's vessel, nor are the sails heavy enough. But let us speak her—that is, if we can. Her running away is the only thing I do not like."

It was decided to keep on the chase, for the corvette was gradually gaining. At seven o'clock the Lanark fired a gun, but the brig did not heave to. At dark, the chase was still too far distant to be reached by the sloop's guns, and it was arranged that she should keep on a few miles further, and then heave to for the night. It was very annoying, the captain said, to have night shut in so soon. But Severn declared that he did not believe that brig to be Gower's vessel.

"However," he added, "there is one thing I do believe, and that is, that I am very unwell. My head aches, and my stomach is badly off. I believe I must turn in, and in the morning we'll be after the brig again, if she is in sight."

So Severn went to his state-room, which was near the bulk-head of the gun-room, and requested that he might not be disturbed. All remained quiet in his room until about eleven o'clock, and then he quietly arose and dressed himself. But he did not don his usual garb. He put on a pair of pants, or trowsers, which were made of oil-cloth, and fitted very close to his skin; the garb was whole and tight at the bottom, combining stockings and pants in one. And it came nigh being whole at the other end, too; for it came up to the arms and covered them. Next he drew on a curiously constructed jacket, which buttoned up in front, but which hung very loosely about him. It was made of some sort of gummed silk, and very firm and stout. His next movement was to draw on a pair of common sailor's trowsers, and then he lighted a lamp and placed it within a small lantern, which he could curiously conceal in his hat. His pistols, which were of the most improved make, and his cutlass, were next looked after, and then he was ready.

His next movement was to raise a plank from the floor of his room. Upon this, some one must have been at work very recently, for that plank was never known to be removed by those who knew most about the vessel. But it was up now, and next a plate of iron was removed beneath. From this, Severn could look into the ship's magazine, and also from this point he could reach into the light room, where the stop-cock was. Awhile he listened, as if to assure himself that no one was about, and then he turned the cock. On the next instant, a rush of water was heard, and—the powder magazine was being filled! All our readers are probably aware that the magazines of all vessels of war are furnished with a pipe which connects with the water upon the outside of the vessel, and this is made tight by means of a nicely fitted stop-cock, which is in the adjoining room. This is for the purpose of flooding the magazine, in case of fire.

Ere long, the magazine was full, and then Severn stopped the cock and arose, and having replaced the plank, he secured the lantern in his hat, and then noiselessly glided from his state-room. He made his way forward on the berth-deck, and then ascended to the forecastle. The ship had a topgallant forecastle, and the strange man went under this upon the starboard side, where the officers' round-house was. The trifling port was open, and without being observed, he glided out and dropped into the water, and with a few movements of his feet and hands he was clear of the bows. He now stopped, and having found a small tube connected with his jacket, he applied it to his lips, and ere long the curious garment had become distended to more than Falstaffian proportions. The ship gradually moved away from him, for she was under headway enough to give her helm power over her, and then he struck out in a south-easterly direction. He might exert himself, or not, as he chose, for that inflated jacket was amply sufficient to keep him afloat.

As soon as he was well away on the ship's larboard quarter, he took his lantern from his hat, and turned its only bright side to the southwest—that being in an opposite direction from the sloop of war. The glass of the lantern was a powerful, clear lens, and its light was peculiar. He held it aloft as high as he could, not exerting himself much otherwise. In half an hour, the sound of oars struck upon his ear, and soon afterwards a boat was by his side.

"Safe, boys, safe!" he cried, as he reached the stern-sheets of the boat.

"Ah, Captain Gower, we've been very uneasy about ye. We was afeared ye couldn't go right into the ship's mouth with safety."

"But I did, though, my brave boys, and I have him by the mane, too. So you've kept the sloop in sight since dark?"

"Yes, sir. A man was stationed aloft, and he could see her binnacle light. We got your letter by old Mark, the inn-keeper, tellin' us which craft ye was in, and where she would cruise."

"And you saw my light plainly?"

"Just like a beacon, capt'n."

"All right. So now for the old brig, and in the morning the Lanark sloop-of war is ours!"

* * * * * *

With the first streak of dawn, Captain Forbush was upon his deck, and as soon as a slight mist had lifted which had settled upon the water since midnight, the brig was seen not more than a mile and a half distant upon the larboard quarter. The wind was now from the northward and westward, and the ship was close hauled upon the larboard tack. The captain ordered that the ship should be put about, and then he sent for "Captain Severn."

"Tell him to come up at once, for the strange brig is close under our weather quarter."

But in a few moments, the messenger returned and reported that Captain Severn was not in his state room. So the boatswain was ordered to pass the word over the ship for Severn, while the gunner cast loose his guns, and prepared for action.

"Ha," cried Windermear, the first lieutenant, "the fellow has shown his bloody flag! See—the black field, with death's head in the centre!"

"What!" uttered the captain, in amazement. "Does the fellow mean to engage us? Light the matches, gunners! Mr. Windermear, call to quarters at once! Throw open the magazine and station the boys! By heavens, our small arms should have been loaded before! But be quick! Engage *us!* Engage His Majesty's sloop-of-war Lanark! My soul, he's crazy with his successes. But I'll teach him a—"

"*The magazine's all afloat, sir!*" at this moment reported the gunner, pale as death, and trembling like an aspen.

"What! afloat! The mag—"

But the captain could not believe it. He rushed to the companion-way and leaped down. The tight door had been opened—it was a trap-door—and there was but one sea of water visible where all the powder was! As soon as Forbush could fairly comprehend the fatal truth, he staggered back on deck and ordered the guns not to be fired until he gave the word. The ship carried twenty guns, and they were all loaded, and the captain meant to use them to the best advantage.

At this moment, a shot from the brig struck the ship's quarter-boat, and knocked the stern and bows out.

"*Every gun is spiked, sir!*" reported the gunner, paler than ever.

"*A traitor!*" gasped the captain, as soon as he could speak.

"Where is *Severn?*" uttered the lieutenant.

The captain started back at these words, for the truth flashed upon him. He started to the nearest gun, and found that the spike could only be removed by drilling. But there was another thing to attend to, now, for the pirate was close alongside, and the grape and canister began to be poured in upon her deck. In a few minutes more the brig was near enough to use small arms, and the man-of-war's-men began to fall.

"Merciful heavens!" groaned Forbush; "we can't stand this! Not a shot can we return, save from some half-dozen pistols which may be loaded!"

"This is terrible!" responded Windermear.

And well he might say so, for the men were falling fast about him, and not a single answering shot could they return.

"Down with the flag! down with it!" gasped the captain, as a musket-ball passed through his hat.

The flag was lowered, and in a few minutes more the brig was alongside, and he whom they had known as George Severn, stepped on board.

"Captain Forbush, I bid you a good morning," he very politely said, raising his hat as he spoke.

"Who—who art thou?" the captain whispered, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets.

"GONDEBALD GOWER, at your service," was the reply. "I told you I would bring you alongside of the North Sea Pirate."

"Then you are—the same man?"

"Yes, sir. But we must to business now. Your sword, if you please. Ah—thank you. Now muster your men."

The man of-war's-men were mustered and secured, such as lived, while the dead—forty-seven in number—were moved away for a decent burial service. Gower had been very careful to injure the ship as little as possible, so he found her now in very good condition. He proceeded at once to have all the valuable articles taken from his own vessel to his prize, and when this was done, he ordered all lights out and then removed the powder, stowing it for the present in the hold. There was a goodly quantity on board the brig, and as soon as he had got that out, he took such arms as he wanted, and then got out the boat. Next he scuttled his old vessel, and then cast her off and let her go; and ere long she went down, never to rise again!

After this, Gower had the brig's boats brought alongside, and into these he ordered the captive captain to go and take his crew. There were ninety-five of the crew left, and the brig's four boats gave them ample room.

"Now," said Gower, I shall give you three days' provisions."

"But it is a week's work, and more, too, to reach the coast," urged Forbush.

"Ah, but the coast of Holland is not so far. Texel is not over eighty miles from here, and you can reach that easily, and not work hard, either. I have particular reasons for wishing you to return to England *by the way of Holland!*"

Thus speaking, the last prisoner was handed to the boat which waited for him, and soon the ship had reached ahead, and left the boats huddled in her wake, like so many sea monsters who knew not what to do with themselves.

In two hours, every injury which had been done to the spars and rigging of the ship was repaired, and then she bore away to the northward, and in an hour from that time Gower caught the last glimpse of the boats moving slowly to the southward and eastward.

For seven days, Gondebald Gower slept but little. He was upon deck early and late, and much in the night. Several sails were passed, but he molested them not. On the morning of the eighth day, a sail was reported to the "north'rd and west'rd," and soon afterwards it was made out to be a ship; and in fifteen minutes more, it proved to be a sloop-of war.

"It is the *Simoon!*" uttered Gower; "and she is ours! Quarter-master, get the signals up, and overhaul the signal book. Show the Lanark's numbers first, and then signalize that we wish to speak her. Be ready for a couple of broadsides, Catesby."

Gower had possession of the ship's signal-book, for in the agony of the hour, Forbush had forgotten to throw it overboard. So of course the Simoon was completely deceived, and immediately answered the signals; and as soon as the wish was expressed to speak her, she went about and stood for the Lanark.

Gower had eighty two able men, and he had no fear of harm from the coming sloop. The Simoon came up to within three cables' lengths, and then hove to, while the Lanark kept on and passed under her stern. At the moment when the pirate was directly astern, the whole broadside was fired. But she slacked not her speed. Around she went, and luffing gradually up upon the lee side of her victim, she went handsomely about, and in four minutes more another broadside was poured in over the bows, raking the devoted ship fore and aft. The pirate's guns had been well aimed, and the havoc was dreadful. The Simoon had lost her foremast, and much of her lower rigging, but this was not the worst, for a great number of her men had been killed. We may suppose that her officers were not only utterly astounded, but absolutely powerless in view of this strange proceeding. A third broadside was fired ere the Simoon's crew could fairly *think* what to do, and then up went the *bark flag* at the Lanark's peak. This solved the mystery, but the Simoon was altogether too far gone for resistance now, and her flag was hauled down.

In one hour from that time, the pirates had taken every valuable thing from the Simoon which was available, among which was over eight thousand pounds in money. The crew were put into the boats, being only some fifty miles from the Scottish coast, and then the Simoon was sunk. After this, Gower bore away to the southward, and he stopped not until he had reached the coast of Cornwall.

When it became known in London, and in the other maritime cities, that the North Sea Pirate had taken two British sloops-of-war, the amazement and terror was intense, and a large fleet was at once despatched in pursuit.

But British justice never overtook the outlaw. A few weeks afterwards, the leading merchants received printed notes, which simply read thus:

"You may now send your ships in safety, for Gondebald Gower is avenged. England robbed me of a father and two brothers; and England can tell you how much she gained by the dastard, coward act. Cringe no more, for no more will harm come to your shipping from

"GONDEBALD GOWER"

And he was true to his word. A year afterwards, some old Cornwall fishermen said that one night, some months before, a sloop-of-war had been sunk off the coast, and that the men escaped in boats. And ten years afterwards, an Englishman went home and swore that he had seen Gondebald Gower in America. But be that as it may, England never received any more harm from the NORTH SEA PIRATE.

THE LEANING TOWER AT PISA.

The Leaning Tower was still there, and it certainly leans more, or at least more appreciably, than the pictures represent. This curiosity of architecture is, perhaps, better known than any other to persons who have never travelled; and yet, no one out of a hundred, to whom the Leaning Tower of Pisa is familiar by name, can tell for what purpose it was built. It is nothing in the world but the belfry of the Cathedral, by whose side it stands, and from which it is separated by a road. The ancient system was to make two separate constructions of the church and the bell tower. The modern has improved upon this plan, by clapping the spire on the top of the edifice to which it belongs. The whole mission of the tall Campanile of Pisa is accomplished when a couple of ropes are carried up by it to the chime at the summit. It is hollow and cylindrical, the walls just thick enough to admit of a winding staircase. The top is so dangerous a place, that I doubt whether a person disposed to giddiness, could get safely round the exterior edge, unprotected as it is by railing.—*Tribune.*

SEPULCHRE FORTY-EIGHT MILES LONG.

The bones of six thousand Irishmen line the railroad from Aspinwall to Panama. Set this down to "man's inhumanity to man," to "the almighty dollar," to "Yankee enterprise," or to what you will—call it a mercantile, a diabolical, or an osteological fact—it is undoubtedly true. But the road is built—the continent is spanned; and our onward march, our "manifest destiny," has made another demonstration. We may as well look at the entire pile of grim, ghastly faces all at once, as to pick out the glorification alone, and sink the gory reality. The road is a fact, and the gulf that swallowed up the human life is another. The sinews that tooled to build the structure, seem to have been destined to as ignoble an end as Falstaff's ragged regiment, or the British army before Sebastopol —"food and powder." As a great undertaking, there is no internal or external improvement of modern times that is to be compared with it.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A DUTCH STORY.

A story is told of a Dutch grocer who got badly bothered by an unprofitable customer. The Jeremy Diddler came in and called for half a dozen crackers, which were handed to him. He looked at the crackers, and finally said he believed he would have a glass of whiskey instead. The crackers were taken back, and the whiskey given him, which he drank, and started off. The grocer called him back and demanded payment for the drink. "Why," says the fellow, "I gave you the crackers." "Well, then, pay for the crackers," said the dealer. "No, you can't demand pay for them, for I gave them back to you." "I can't tell how it is," said the Dutchman, scratching his head, "but I don't want you to come here any more." He couldn't fathom the shrewd financiering of his customer, but he was very confident that he had lost by the transaction.—*New York Picayune.*

ABOUT POETRY.

We were conversing with a young lady, some few evenings ago, at a literary re union, and as she had been introduced as a poetess, was of course touched on poetry. It was not many minutes before she had run through the stereotyped list of favorite authors, when she concluded with Byron, asserting her conviction that he was the greatest poet that ever wrote. We modestly hinted that we preferred according that distinguished position to Shakspeare, upon which, with an unaffected laugh at our simplicity, she cried: "Why, Shak-peare wasn't a poet; *his plays don't rhyme!*"—*Toledo Blade.*

Jester's Picnic.

A fellow traveller wishing to poke a little fun at a Scotch laborer, who was travelling in the same car, and who carried a bottle of the "barley brue" to keep himself warm and moist, asked:

"What have you got in your bottle, my good man?"

"Sma' beer," said the other.

"O, well, as it's small beer, I'll share it wid ye."

"Guess not. It's rather sma' for twa," said Sawney.

"Mr. Snowball, I want to ask you one question dis'cbenin."

"Well, stirred, den."

"S'pose you go to de tabbern to get dinner, and don't hab nuffin on de table but a big loaf, what would you say?"

"I gib dat up afore you ax it. What should you say?"

"Why, under de circumstances ob de case, I should say dat *loaf's all!*"

A few Sabbaths since, in a town in the vicinity of this city, a teacher of a Sunday school was engaged in questioning his pupils upon subjects connected with their previous studies in the Bible. At last, turning to a young Irishman, a member of the class, he asked: "What did Adam lose by the fall?" Pat for a few moments was apparently in a brown study, but at last his face brightened up, as he interrogatively replied: "An' was it his hat, sir?"

"Brudder Bones, can you tell me de difference 'tween dying and dieting?"

"Why, oh course I can, Samuel. When you diet you lib on nuffin, and when you die you hab nuffin to lib on."

"Well, dat's different from what I tort it was. I tort it was a race 'tween de doctrin stuff and starvation, to see which will kill fust."

A hotel keeper in this city boards lovers for two dollars a week less than he charges other folks. His reason is, that they are so down on fat meat. There is philosophy in this. Love is ethereal in its nature, and can live on moonbeams. We know a young man who took the disease in a natural way, that subsisted for a whole month on a German flute and a sonnet.

A traveller on a miserably lean steed, was hailed by a Yankee, who was hoeing his pumpkins by the roadside. "Hallo, friend," said the farmer, "where are you bound?" "I'm going out to settle in the western country," replied the other. "Well, take it off and straddle this ere pumpkin-vine; it will grow and carry you faster than that ere beast."

A grocer, wishing to be a little odd in regard to a sign, caused two letters, T T, to be painted on his shutter, the one green and the other black. Not long after, some person observing it, inquired what it meant. "Why, goosey, don't you see?" said the grocer. "It is green tea and black tea, as plain as the nose on your face!"

At one of the agricultural fairs recently held in Connecticut, says the Hartford Courant, a farmer gave early notice to the secretary, of his entries for the "fare. He was to send one "Durham" bull, one "you" (ewe), and two "Lions." If his views "concurring the rules of the society were "ring," he hoped the secretary would "rite him by the next male."

Benefit of the Country.—A regular cockney says: "There is certainly one decided advantage that a person derives from living in the country, and that is, it enables him to wear out his old clothes and boots, and to put on such worn out, shabby things generally, as he never could think of wearing in town."—*Punch.*

A lady once being very sorely afflicted with a disorder usually denominated hysterics, imagined she could not breathe, and appealed to her husband on the occasion, with, "Mr. ——, I can't breathe." "Well, my dear," returned the affectionate husband, "I would not try, for nobody wants you should."

Foreign news hangs upon trifles. At Vienna, a Russian diplomatist recently took snuff from the French ambassador's box, and it was regarded as a sign of peace. At St. Petersburg, the emperor, after seeing two French plays, declared it was more amusing to be in the Crimea, which was regarded as a symptom of war.

A horse dealer, who lately effected a sale, was offered a bottle of porter to confess the animal's failings. The bottle was drank, and then he said the horse had but two faults. When turned loose in the field, he was "bad to catch," and he was "of no use when caught."

"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are like a donkey, and what do they do to cure him of stupidity?" "Why, they feed him more and kick him less," said the little urchin.

Mrs. Malloney writes from Cork to her sister in this city, that her cousin Bridget died in August last. "She was very ready male," she says till she got the "Cornelia Morgus," which carried her off in less time than you'd snuff out a candle.

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